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[J. HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

Principles of Geology. By Charles Lyell, F.R.S. Prof. of Geol. to King's College. Vol. III. London: Murray.

Of all the branches of natural knowledge, Geology, or the science which is engaged with the internal structure and superficial configuration of the globe, is that which, in modern times, would appear to have attracted most attention. The ablest men, both here and on the continent, have devoted themselves with zeal to its cultivation; and even societies have been formed for the exclusive prosecution of inquiries connected with it. Geology, taken in its widest acceptation, presents a field of almost boundless extent, comprehending, in addition to the more ordinary topics usually considered as constituting its peculiar province, the discussion of many of the most difficult and interesting questions in general physics, meteorology, botany, and comparative anatomy; and it is, in all probability, to this extent of range that it is mainly indebted for the popularity which it has acquired. There are few, in fact, at all devoted to the study of nature, or her laws, who cannot, if they choose, contribute to the advancement of geological knowledge. Nor is this a privilege reserved for those alone who are versed in the sciences. The individual who, from motives of curiosity, and without any ulterior view, forms a collection of minerals, fossil shells, and plants, or other organic remains, noting the locality where each was found, though he may be to some an object of ridicule for the earnestness with which he devotes himself to apparently trifling pursuits, is a real benefactor to science; for, by accumulating facts, he is preparing the way for the solution of the most interesting geological questions. Possessing then this peculiarity, that it admits of being extended and improved by the co-operation of those who aim at no higher reputation than that of being patient observers, and accurate recorders of phenomena, numbers have been attracted to its study, and have contributed to its elucidation a vast accumulation of facts and observations.

The materials, however, thus collected, have, as is often the case in the infancy of a science, not always been employed with judgment. By different individuals they have been made the bases of unsubstantial theories, and of systems not only opposed to each other, but to nature also. This jarring of hypotheses was, in a great measure, the result of premature attempts at generalization; but must also, in part, be attributed to the innate difficulty and complexity of the subject. A profound and extensive acquaintance with the natural sciences, a patience in the investigation of facts, and a sagacity in eliciting the truth from a mass of conflicting statements—such are the indispensable attributes of him who would undertake the arduous task of reducing to order the insulated dis-

coveries of Geology, and combining them into a whole, or system, whose parts should all harmonize with each other, and tend to the same general conclusions. No wonder that the speculations of Buffon, Burnet, and Leibnitz, should have fallen into oblivion, or be referred to but as monuments of perverted eloquence and genius. Those illustrious writers, totally regardless of facts, proceeded to the construction of theories, which, however they may have dazzled for a time, have vanished before the progress of inductive geology. The successors of those eminent cosmogonists, in more modern times, have been almost equally unsuccessful in the same field, though their failure has arisen from a different cause. Werner did not announce preconceived theories, or advance views altogether unsupported by facts; and justice requires a similar admission in reference to Hutton, his ablest and most distinguished opponent. The former, however, was more of a mineralogist than a geologist, and had, at all events, extended his geological researches little farther than Saxony, the structure of which he very precipitately concluded to represent with accuracy that of every other part of the crust of the earth; while the latter, flushed with his success in refuting the principles of an adversary, was occasionally hurried by the excitement of controversy into the giving of too great an extension to his own theory, and into the maintenance of opinions as untenable as those to which he was opposed. The controversy, begun between those celebrated philosophers, continues to this day to divide geologists, so that it is difficult to meet with a geological paper, the author of which does not warmly espouse the volcanic, or the Neptunian hypothesis. To this statement, however, there are splendid exceptions: some there are who exercise in such matters an independent judgment; who, in questions of science, reject the dicta of authority, and, blind partisans of no philosophical sect, require, not merely that all theories be plausible and ingenious, but that they also be approved by reason, and in accordance with experience. Amongst such individuals the author of the 'Principles of Geology' undoubtedly holds a distinguished rank. We have read his work with unusual pleasure; and, without professing ourselves converts to all his views, we are ready to accord to him the merit of original thinking, philosophic inference, and eloquent illustration.

The distinguishing feature of Mr. Lyell's work consists in the position, which he every where supports with uncommon ability, that existing causes, or such as are in actual operation, are sufficient to explain the various appearances of the earth's surface which constitute the study of the geologist. The cataclysms of the early theorists he discards upon the double ground, that they are not only assumptions unsupported by evidence and inconsistent with the uniformity of nature, but that they are altogether unne-

cessary to the explication of observed phenomena. This practice of resorting to irregular and extraordinary causes for the solution of geological difficulties, he reprobates in forcible language, asserting that it is still in full force, and daily productive of consequences most injurious to the science.

"We hear (he says) of sudden and violent revolutions of the globe—of the instantaneous elevation of mountain masses—of paroxysms of volcanic energy, declining according to some, and according to others increasing in violence from the earliest to the latest ages. We are also told of general catastrophes, and a succession of deluges, of the alternation of periods of repose and disorder—of the refrigeration of the globe—of the sudden annihilation of whole races of animals and plants—and other hypotheses, in which we see the ancient spirit of speculation revived, and a desire manifested to cut rather than patiently to untie the Gordian knot. In our attempt to unravel these difficult questions, we shall pursue a different course, restricting ourselves to the known or possible operation of existing causes, feeling assured that we have not, as yet, exhausted the resources which the study of the present course of nature may provide; and therefore, that we are not authorized in the infancy of our science to recur to extraordinary agents."

This rule of geological investigation was first laid down by Hutton, but not applied with the degree of steadiness and consistency which might have been expected of him. He rejected, it is true, from his theory all hypothetical forces, and the influence of causes not known to be in actual operation, and insisted upon an invariable constancy in the order of nature. The doctrine, nevertheless, was inculcated by him, that the agency of subterranean fires, in cementing and hardening the sedimentary deposits of the ocean, was exerted only at considerable intervals, and that mountains were elevated in virtue of a species of paroxysmal volcanic action. Mr. Lyell, adopting his general principles in their fullest extent, adheres to them with greater vigour; and, observing, that igneous agency, at the present time, is constantly active in upheaving strata, and modifying the surface of the globe, maintains that such has ever been the case, and that periods of alternate activity and repose have had no foundation but in the fertile imaginations of geologists. The advocacy of such views bring him necessarily into collision with the most eminent inquirers of the past and present times; and the greater part of his elaborate work is, therefore, occupied in preparing the way for the reception of his own tenets, by refuting those of his adversaries.

One of his ablest and most interesting chapters is that in which the question of vicissitudes of climate is discussed. It is at present almost universally admitted that, at some past period in the history of the globe, the mean temperature of the higher northern latitudes must have resembled that at present experienced within the tropics. This is conceived to be unequivocally established by

the organic remains of plants, shells, and vertebrate animals, found in arctic regions, belonging to species which are now only to be met with in the vicinity of the Line, and many of which could certainly not have borne the rigours of the climate in which they at present occur. To account for these singular facts, it was suggested by Burnet, that the axis of the earth, antecedent to the deluge, had been perpendicular to its orbit, but was thrown by this catastrophe into its present inclined position, and that in this way arose the variety of seasons, and a disturbance of the agreeable temperature which had previously prevailed.

The geologists who adopt the views of Leibnitz respecting the origin of our planet, are prepared with a different and more plausible explanation. According to these, the earth was originally in an incandescent state. In process of time, however, it cooled down to such a degree as to admit of vegetation, and of being the abode of animals. Now, the process of refrigeration being necessarily very slow, during a considerable period after becoming habitable, the superficial parts of the earth must have maintained an elevated temperature, and one entirely independent of solar influence.

Both these hypotheses our author rejects as arbitrary and improbable—as assuming views respecting the origin and past history of the earth in support of which no proof either has or can be given; and applies himself to the solution of the question upon the philosophical principle of resorting to none but *veræ causæ*, of admitting the influence of no agencies but such as are known to be active in nature. To a variation in the altitudes of mountain chains, and in the relative magnitudes and positions of the land and sea—to the drifting of icebergs—and to the influence of those changes which man himself is capable of achieving in the external state of the soil—to such we are, according to him, to resort for the true explanation of the unsteadiness of climate. In this part of his work, if not entirely satisfied by the arguments of our author, we cannot but admit their ingenuity and force, and feel astonished at the extent of knowledge which he brings to bear upon his subject, and the eloquence and dexterity with which he wields it.

Another very attractive portion of his work is that in which he grapples with the celebrated dogma of Lamarck, which asserts the transmutability of species. It might appear a very unnecessary task to argue, that man is not a baboon, whose organs and powers have been developed, and improved to their present degree of perfection, under favourable circumstances; but it will cease to be so considered, when it is recollected, that such opinions are at present propounded and taught by some of the most eminent naturalists of the French school. This monstrous doctrine is accordingly assailed by our author with all the resources derived from an intimate knowledge of his subject, and a facility in the use of illustration and argument, such as is enjoyed by few individuals. We are perfect converts to his opinions on this particular subject, and now consider as untenable and absurd, doctrines which we have hitherto viewed as paradoxical and improbable.

There is nothing in the work of Mr. Lyell more likely to excite attention, and even

invite criticism, than the manner in which he deals with the question of *diluvial* action. He avows no scepticism in reference to the Noachian deluge, as an historical fact, but he seems disposed to deny its universality, and differs *to lo* with Buckland, Sedgwick, and others, who represent it as “a violent and transient rush of waters, which tore up the soil to a great depth, excavated valleys, gave rise to immense beds of shingle, carried fragments of rocks and gravel from one point to another, and, during its advance and retreat, strewed the valleys, and even the tops of many hills with alluvium.” Such a view of the nature and effects of the deluge he conceives not justified by anything in the narrative of Moses, and to be even inconsistent with the bringing back of the olive branch by the dove, a circumstance which would seem conclusively to establish that vegetation was not destroyed, and that, therefore, an impetuous rushing of waters formed no part of the grand cataclysm.

Another ground of objection, on the part of Mr. Lyell, though one not distinctly advanced by him, to diluvial action, as a cause which has materially modified the surface of the earth, is undoubtedly to be found in the opposition of any such hypothesis with his avowed determination to reject all irregular and extraordinary agencies, and deduce the explanation of geological phenomena from existing forces alone. Under the influence of such a resolution, he must, we conceive, be considered as having, in a great measure, prejudged the question, or as being, at all events, in a situation very unfavourable for forming an impartial and sound opinion respecting it. Indeed, we cannot but consider him as somewhat inconsistent, when he admits the occurrence of a great inundation, and, nevertheless, denies it to have been productive of those consequences which analogy and experience would lead us to expect. We are far from insisting that the catastrophe in question was universal, or that it can be very extensively employed in the explanation of the facts of geology. Those, however, who acknowledge its occurrence, are, we conceive, bound to receive it as one of the many causes which, in past times, have modified the surface of the earth.

It would be to convey a very erroneous idea of the views of Mr. Lyell, to represent him as altogether denying the disturbing efficacy of diluvial action. His scepticism on this point seems to be limited to the supposed effects of the scriptural flood. Vast inundations, he admits, have occurred from time to time; and he even very minutely details the facts connected with the most remarkable of those, respecting which any authentic records exist. Such, however, he represents as partial, and produced by natural causes, of which an account can be easily rendered. The origin of such limited floods he refers, generally, to a difference in the level of vast tracts of land and water, and the breaking up, by volcanic action, of the barriers by which they were previously separated.

“When there is (he observes, vol. iii. p. 270.) an immense lake, having its surface, like Lake Superior, raised 600 feet above the level of the sea, the waters may be suddenly let loose, by the rending or sinking down of the barrier, during earthquakes; and hereby a region as extensive as the valley of the Mississippi, inhabited by a

population of several millions, might be deluged. On the other hand, there may be a country placed beneath the mean level of the ocean, as we have shown to be the case with a part of Asia, and such a region must be entirely laid under water, should the tract which separates it from the ocean be fissured, or depressed to a certain depth. The great cavity of Western Asia is 13,000 square leagues in area, and is occupied by a considerable population. The lowest parts surrounding the Caspian Sea are 300 feet below the level of the Euxine. Here, therefore, the diluvial waters might overflow hills rising 300 feet above the level of the plain; and, if depressions still more profound existed at any former time in Asia, the tops of still loftier mountains may have been covered by a flood.”

The celebrated views of Elia de Beaumont, in reference to the elevation of mountain chains, may also be brought to bear upon the question of inundations; and, indeed, he has himself applied them to the explanation of the Mosaic deluge; which may, he conceives, have been caused by the sudden protrusion of the Cordillera of the Andes from the bed of the Pacific Ocean, in consequence of a paroxysm of volcanic action. Mr. Lyell admits the agency of subterranean fires in the production of Alpine districts, and employs this principle very extensively throughout his work, in accounting for the inequalities of the earth's surface. From both Hutton, however, with whom the theory originated, and Elia de Beaumont, he differs, in maintaining that the process of upheaving is gradual,—being effected, not at a single effort, but by a succession of shocks; and that volcanic fire, viewed as the agent which elevates mountains, is a force not subject to intermissions, but ever active in some part of the globe. That mountains may be instantaneously elevated, and to a considerable height, is no longer a question, for the thing has occurred within our own times; and our author will not, of course, deny, that when suddenly thrust up from beneath the ocean, the result must be the production of waves, which will be thrown upon the nearest coasts. The instantaneous uplifting, however, of the Andes would require a force of almost incredible energy, and such as we have, at present, no experience of. The hypothesis, therefore, and the application made of it by De Beaumont, are, in accordance with his general principle, both rejected by Mr. Lyell.

Nor does he appear a whit more disposed to adopt the other parts of the far-famed theory of elevations, which has made so much noise, of late, in geological writings. De Beaumont, for example, maintains that all cotemporaneous mountain chains, or such as were elevated at the same time, have invariably a parallel direction; a position which Mr. Lyell satisfactorily disproves; as, indeed, had been previously done by Van Decker, Boué, Keferstein, De la Beche, and other observers. De Beaumont also gives a rule for determining the relative ages of mountains, or the order in which they were successively elevated—from which our author equally dissents; observing, that from overlooking the distinct import of the terms *formation* and *period*, “his proofs are equivocal, and his inferences uncertain.” In the justice of this condemnation we certainly cannot concur, and must continue to view this part of the theory as highly ingenious, and calculated to assist in the solution of the most important geological problems. Indeed, in

this part of the work, our author would seem to pursue a rather contradictory course; for, while he admits the reasoning, on which the method is founded, to be "perfectly correct," he resists its application to the purpose for which it was devised. It is in vain for Mr. Lyell to assert, that De Beaumont confounded *formation with period*,—that in his application of the term *cotemporaneous* he has been guilty of an "abuse of language,"—and that the Pyrenees were not, as De Beaumont alleges, elevated between the deposition of the chalk and that of the tertiary formations. These allegations may, we are of opinion, be true, without in the slightest degree impugning the validity of the rule in question. Into the further discussion, however, of this theory we must forbear entering. It will, probably, require some modification; that part, in particular, which affirms the instantaneous and *per saltum* upheaving of Alpine districts to their present elevation. We are disposed to look upon it, nevertheless, as a theory, in the main, founded in truth; and which, though susceptible of correction and improvement, cannot be overturned by the progress of discovery.

We shall bring these few desultory remarks to a close, by adverting briefly to the subject of organic remains, a subject, whose importance, as an auxiliary in geological research, has only been within a very few years properly appreciated. By an examination of the fossil remains of the past vegetable and animal inhabitants of the globe, we have arrived at the most singular and unexpected results. In this way we have established, that the temperate and polar zones once possessed a tropical temperature—that our present continents were not once, but several times, submerged beneath the sea—that several stratified rocks possessing the same mineral characters, are of different ages, and some, exhibiting a different composition and structure, of the same age—that entire tribes of animals and plants have perished from the surface of the earth, and been replaced by new genera and species—that the antiquity of our planet is vastly greater than what is generally supposed, and that man is the most recent of its tenants. To the study of this most valuable science, Mr. Lyell would appear to have devoted himself with unusual enthusiasm, and his acquirements in it have contributed largely to the attractions of his book.

In his discussion of the tertiary deposits, we have striking evidence of the important light which fossil conchology can throw upon obscure geological questions. The attention of geologists was, as is well known, first drawn to these formations by the late Baron Cuvier, who, in conjunction with Brogniart, published in 1811, the celebrated '*Environs de Paris*,' a work which may be truly said to have "formed an era in the progress of the science." The attention of naturalists being thus directed to the subject, it was shortly ascertained that deposits existed elsewhere, analogous to those of the Paris Basin—in geological position, and partly, also, in mineral character and fossil contents. Such, for example, were described by Mr. Webster in Hampshire and the Basin of the Thames, by Brocchi as occurring along the flanks of the Apennines, by Desnoyers in the valley of the Loire, by Basteret around Bordeaux and Dax, by Bonelli near Turin, and by Constant Prevost in the Basin of Vienna. These several de-

posits, though differing materially as to the nature of the strata of which they were composed, were at first very generally concluded to be cotemporaneous formations, upon the evidence furnished by their organic remains. This doctrine, indeed, was far from being universally adopted, for several geologists, appealing to the same evidence, deduced from it a directly opposite conclusion. It is, however, to Mr. Lyell that we are indebted for the most masterly elucidation of this intricate subject. He has, we are of opinion, clearly established that they were formed at very different periods, and has, also, satisfactorily shown, that the date of the deposition of the newest of them is far antecedent to the time at which man first appeared on the surface of the globe. These tertiary beds, which may obviously be of three kinds,—marine, lacustrine, or volcanic, he refers to four distinct epochs, which he denominates the *Recent*, the *Pliocene*, the *Miocene*, and the *Eocene*. The *Recent* formations have alone been deposited within the historical era, and are characterized by the circumstance of their including no extinct fossil shells. The *Pliocene*, contain the remains of extinct and living testacea, the latter, however, being the most numerous. In the *Miocene* beds the fossil species preponderate, and in the *Eocene* scarcely any of the analogies of living species are to be found. It is worthy of remark here, that the most interesting tertiary deposits which have been as yet examined, namely, those of the London and Paris Basins belong to the oldest, or Eocene period. To this branch of his subject our author has paid particular attention, and the chapters in which it is developed abound in an extensive and accurate detail of facts, most of which were acquired by personal observation, and in original, just, and ingenious views. His concluding volume also is enriched with a very valuable chart of the fossil shells which occur in the tertiary beds: it was constructed by M. Deshayes, an eminent conchologist, and is so contrived as to indicate the species which are common to the different periods, and the proportion of those which are extinct, or are still found living in the neighbouring seas.

In taking leave of Mr. Lyell, we must suggest that his work would admit of considerable compression, and without sustaining thereby the slightest injury. Many of the arguments and statements dwelt upon at length in the two first volumes, are repeated in the third; and though this is, to a certain extent, unavoidable, still we cannot but think that reasonable limits have been transgressed. We do not doubt but that a new edition will shortly be called for; and if, in preparing it, he should attend to the hint which in the spirit of amity we have ventured to throw out, while he condenses the style and improves the plan of his '*Principles*,' he will be able materially to reduce its size and cost, and thus confer a substantial benefit upon his numerous admirers.

Captain Owen's *Narrative of Voyages undertaken to explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar*. 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

We resume our extracts from these entertaining and instructive volumes, and they will be the more welcome, as the work is not likely to be published for some short time.

On the Rivers of Eastern Africa—the Port of Sofala—Murder of Dr. Cowan, &c.

"The mouth of the Savey is narrow, with very little water, yet it is said to be a large river in the interior, having a common source with the Zambizi, and bounding the country called Monica on the west. Between the River Savey and the Bazaruta Islands the coast is called Buok, where is the great Bay of Maroonone, into which the Gawooro empties itself. This last river is hardly navigable for boats at its entrance, but becomes a large and superb river in the interior. It is stated to be a branch of the King George River, which falls into Delagoa Bay; but there appears to have been a particular fancy amongst the old Portuguese geographers for tracing all the great rivers of Africa to the same source in the 'Mountains of the Moon,' from which source it has been seriously affirmed, even in these days, that the Nile, the Niger, the Zaire, the Orange, the Great Fish, the Espirito Santo, or King George, and its twenty branches, from the Mapoota to the Gawooro, the Zambizi by its various names from the Savey to Quilimane, forty more as far as the Ravooma near Cape Delgado, and numerous others thence to Babelmandeb, have each had their birth assigned to the Nile or the Zambizi; all which stories may have as good a foundation as the geography of the mountains in the moon, if the term geography will bear an application to that planet.

"At Chuluwan and near Maroonone are several remains of stone buildings, said to be Arabic edifices erected before the Portuguese conquests. Lieutenant R. Owen, in the Albatross, traced this coast, which to navigators may be considered the most dangerous of all Eastern Africa.

"The port of Sofala, its castle, its town, in short every thing relating to it, had excited the strongest interest amongst us; in olden time, it was the Ophir of Solomon, † whence his fleets returned laden with 'gold, almug trees, and precious stones;' the spot whither the early but venturesome Phœnician navigators steered their cumbrous barks, and where, in later years, Albuquerque and the last heroes of the Portuguese race had distinguished themselves.

"With all these claims upon the recollection, it was with much curiosity that we looked forward to our arrival at Sofala, and with much disappointment at the total failure of our expectations. Instead of what the fancy pictured, remains of past grandeur and opulence, frowning in decay and falling gradually to dust, we found but a paltry fort and a few miserable mud-huts, the almost deserted abode of poverty and vice.

"But not only here, every place in Africa and India subject to the Portuguese has withered beneath the iron hand of oppression. Lust and avarice are their idols, and never gods had more devoted worshippers.

"In a large shallow bay immediately to the northward of Sofala, is the estuary of the river Boozey, in some maps improperly styled Jarra. This bay is called Massangzany, and is the place where, in 1810, the Racehorse, commanded by Captain William Fisher, got on shore, whilst in search of Sofala, to land Mr. Salt. This gentleman's object was to institute some inquiries into the fate of Dr. Cowan and his party, who had left the Cape to proceed to Mozambique through the interior of the country.

"It may here be observed, that all the accounts we could obtain, both at Inhamban and Sofala, respecting this undertaking, tended

"† It appears to have escaped the numerous inquirers into the truth of this being the Ophir of Scripture, that the Arab name for Sofala was Zofar or Zofal. The great similarity between these sounds must be considered as a convincing, if not decisive, proof that the Ophir of Solomon and the Zofar of the Arabs are one and the same place, especially as the license in our translation of Oriental orthography offers no obstacle to error or guide to truth."

clearly to prove that they were massacred by the natives within twelve days' journey of their destination; and it is but justice to the Portuguese authorities to contradict the widely-spread report that the murder of these travellers resulted from their policy and at their instigation: whilst the truth is, that they have scarcely any influence beyond their guns, and knew nothing of the enterprise until they heard of its melancholy termination. It was to this place that the Portuguese researches extended (by the Red Sea and north-east coast,) before they succeeded in their voyage round the Cape of Good Hope."

The following account of an African hunt, may interest English sportsmen. It appears to be somewhat more laborious and dangerous sport than an English *battu* :—

"As all our attempts to obtain an hippopotamus had hitherto failed, and as we were not likely to meet with another opportunity, this being our last visit to Delagoa Bay, a party of officers volunteered for the chase, and were conveyed up the Dundas river in the Albatross. The evening set in before they reached that part of the river where the hippopotami were the most abundant. Three parties were however formed, who at midnight commenced their pursuit. The scene was novel and imposing; a body of men, armed at all points with muskets, harpoons, and lances, walking on the shallows of the river, with nothing but the moon to light them, all hallooing and driving before them their huge game, who, blowing, snorting, and bellowing, were floundering through the mud from the numerous holes which they had made at the bottom for their retreat, but from which the hunters' lances soon expelled them; until ultimately driven upon dry ground; where a running contest commenced, the beast sometimes being pursued and at others pursuing.

"This lasted for some time; but still there were no signs of man's boasted pre-eminence: not an animal had the party secured dead or alive. * * * At low water the following morning one party formed a line across one of the shallows, where the depth was not above two feet, while the boats went up the river and actually drove the animals down the stream, another party having lined the banks to prevent their taking to the woods and reeds. These, whenever the monstrous but timid animals attempted to pass them, set up a shout, which in most instances proved sufficient to turn them back into the water; when, having collected a vast number on one shallow bank of sand, the whole of the hunters commenced from all sides a regular cannonade upon the astonished brutes. Unwieldy as they appeared, still much activity was displayed in their efforts to escape the murderous and unceasing fire to which they were exposed. The one-pound gun occasionally furrowed the thick hide of some, while others were perpetually assailed by a shower of pewter musket-balls. One, a cub, was nearly caught uninjured in attempting to follow its mother, who, galled to desperation, was endeavouring to escape through the land-party; but, as soon as the affectionate brute perceived her offspring falling into the hands of her enemies, forgetting her fears, she rushed furiously at the offenders, when they in their turn were obliged to retreat; but again they contrived to separate them, and had almost secured the prize, when the angry mother, regardless of their close and almost fatal fire, succeeded in redeeming it from their grasp and bearing it off, although herself in a state of great exhaustion. With the flood this sport ended.

"On their return to the schooner along the banks of the river, passing near a spot where an hippopotamus had been seen sporting in the water, a loud rustling was heard amongst the reeds, as if the animal had retreated thither on the dis-

charge of their pieces. Messrs. Arlett and Barrette, with two of the seamen, immediately followed with the view of driving him out. The former gentleman was a little in advance, and eager in the pursuit, when he was heard loudly to exclaim, 'Here he is!' The shrill, angry scream of some large animal instantly followed, and in a few seconds Mr. Barrette rushed from the reeds with his face covered with blood and calling loudly for assistance, as Lieutenant Arlett was attacked and thrown down by an elephant. The party were immediately on the alert in search of the unfortunate officer, whom they expected to find a mangled corpse. As they approached, the elephant, alarmed at their numbers, retreated, leaving his victim on the ground in a state that may more easily be imagined than described. He was stretched motionless on his back, covered with blood and dirt, and his eyes starting from their sockets, in all the expressive horror of a violent death.

"Every attention was immediately paid to him, but it was long feared that the vital spark had fled. Some water was procured, when, after his face had been washed and a little introduced into his mouth, he showed symptoms of returning life; but it was some time before he recovered his senses, and became sufficiently collected to give a connected account of the occurrence that had led to his pitiable state. It appeared that, from the thickness of the reeds, he was close to the animal before he was at all aware of his situation, but immediately on making the discovery, he uttered the exclamation heard by his companions of 'Here he is!' This had hardly escaped him, when he discovered that, instead of an hippopotamus, he was almost stumbling over an enormous elephant. The animal, which appeared highly irritated at the intrusion, waved its trunk in the air, and the moment he spoke, reared upon its hind legs, turned short round, and, with a shrill, passionate cry, rushed after him, bearing down the opposing reeds in his way, while Lieutenant Arlett vainly attempted to effect his escape. For a short time he had hopes of eluding his pursuer, as the animal perceived one of the seamen mounted on the top of a tree, about twenty feet high and three in circumference, menacing him by his voice and gesture, while preparing to fire. The elephant turned short round, and, shrieking with rage, made a kind of spring against the tree, as if to reach the object of his attack, when his ponderous weight bore the whole to the ground, but fortunately without hurting the man, who slipped among the reeds. The ferocious animal still followed him, foaming with rage, to the rising bank of the river; the man crying loudly, 'An elephant! an elephant!' until, closely pressed by his pursuer, they both came upon the top of the slope, where the party who had heard his cries were prepared, and instantly fired a volley as the elephant appeared. This made him return with increased fury to Mr. Arlett, who, in his eagerness to escape, stumbled and fell, the huge beast running over him and severely bruising his ankle.

"As soon as he had passed, Mr. Arlett arose, and, limping with pain, attempted once more to retreat, but the animal returned to the attack; his trunk was flourished in the air, and the next moment the unfortunate officer was struck senseless to the ground. On recovering himself his situation appeared hopeless, his huge antagonist standing over him, chaffing and screaming with rage, pounding the earth with his feet, and ploughing it with his tusks. When the party first saw them, Mr. Arlett was lying between the elephant's legs, and had it been the intention of the animal to destroy him, placing a foot upon his senseless body would in a moment have crushed him to atoms; but it is probable that his object was only to punish and alarm, not to kill—such conjecture being perfectly in accord-

ance with the character of this noble but revengeful beast.

"Mr. Arlett was with much care instantly conveyed on board the schooner, when, on examination, it was found that his body was severely bruised, yet no bones were broken, excepting the fibula of the left leg, which was supposed to be slightly fractured. It appeared that the elephant, on his last return to Mr. Arlett, had filled his trunk with mud, which, having turned him on his back, and forced open his mouth, he blew down his throat, injecting a large quantity into the stomach. It was this that produced the inflated appearance of Mr. Arlett's countenance, for he was almost in a state of suffocation, and for three days after this adventure, he occasionally vomited quantities of blue sand.

"When he encountered the elephant, he had a rifle in his hand, but he was too close to fire; knowing as he did, that in case of failure his destruction would be certain, for, when wounded, the desperation of this animal is fatal to all. Upon conveying him to the boat, this rifle was forgotten, and a party of four were despatched to recover it. They had just succeeded, and were about to return, when the elephant rushed in amongst them. The first and second man fired without effect, but the ball of the third fortunately turned him."

The Letters of Joseph Ritson, Esq. edited chiefly from originals in the possession of his Nephew. To which is prefixed a Memoir of the Author, by Sir Harris Nicolas, K.C.M.G. 2 vols. London: Pickering.

Of Joseph Ritson and his enthusiastic labours in the dusty and barren field of old English song and ballad—of his unexampled patience of inquiry—his industry of research—his oddities of manners, and his sarcastic sallies against Scotchmen and brother antiquarians—our readers have no doubt heard, and cannot but be prepared to welcome his *Life and Letters*. Of the former, Sir Harris Nicolas has scarcely given enough to satisfy our curiosity, and of the latter we have too few which treat of the matters in which he excelled. It was the boast of Joseph that he was the only righteous person of the numerous tribe of antiquarians; he disputed the accuracy of all his fellow-labourers in the region of neglected verse, and shut his eyes resolutely on the light which glimmered from all lanterns save his own. He attacked, with indecent acrimony, the learning of Warton, and the poetic research of Percy, and laid about him, right and left, sparing none, and demanding as little quarter for himself as he afforded others. An ill-spelt word in an old moth-eaten manuscript was dear to his heart; the ignorant and convicted blunders of transcribers were things sacred; and if he ventured to introduce an "if" or an "and," into the text, he set a guard of parentheses around it, lest it should be taken for matter of ancient inspiration. As he wanted poetic feeling himself to repair the breaches which time and stupidity had effected in the old strains, he could not endure that others should make the attempt; nay, he sometimes imagined that old time-flawed structures were pieces of new masonry, and affected to point out simulated parts, which were really original bits with the wear and tear of centuries on them. He accused Percy, for instance, of making numerous changes and interpolations in ballads, which the bishop's nephew has since satisfactorily shown to be

otherwise, and dedicated a long dissertation to prove him erroneous in the matter of the minstrels—a question which has been set at rest by examining the annals of the House of Commons. He was a bitter body, and made himself respected as a wasp does; it is quite evident that Sir Walter Scott looked on him as a sort of oracle, and was influenced so far as to commend his maxims of editing, though we see little reason for thinking that he ever practised them. He had no sympathy with poetry or poets of less than a hundred years standing; he never names Burns in all his correspondence, though the great poet lived and died during his day; and he admires the old songs and ballads of Scotland, as a conscientious set-off against the hatred which he bore to the land that produced them. It is pleasing to know that though Ritson cordially hated all antiquarians and Scotsmen, he had a warm love for horned cattle. "Their groans," says his biographer, "entered his soul." Did Scott know he was a fierce democrat, and at the French Revolution wrote himself Citizen?—we suspect not. After what we have said, we may add that he was born at Stockton on Tees, 2 Oct. 1752, and died at Hoxton, near London, 23 Sept. 1803, and was buried in Bunhill Fields.

The minute inquiries, in a long letter addressed to Walker, author of the 'History of Irish Bards,' may amuse, as well as instruct:

"I should be glad to be informed when the grammar of O'Mulloy was published, and where the 'Examination of the arguments contained in a late Introduction to the History of the ancient Irish and Scots,' is to be met with. I have great reason to doubt the truth of the anecdote you give (Appendix, p. 85, of your Memoirs) of Cunningham the poet (without an *e*). I knew him personally toward the latter part of his life, when those moderate sacrifices you speak of, had totally disqualified him from writing pastorals. His first and best pieces were produced before he had acquired that pernicious habit which impaired his faculties and shortened his days. *Whiskey* may inspire, but I will never believe that *gin* does.

"I cannot perceive the similarity between the English word *Drumle* (Mem. p. 89, which is now provincial and only means to be stupid or confused) and the Irish *cran*. Not having Mr. Malone's *Supplement* at hand, I cannot tell how he may make it out, but I should think it impossible.

"The adage given at p. 108, should run thus, for so Master Silence hath it:

'Tis merry in hall,
When beards wag all.

Adam Davie, as Mr. Warton will inform you, paraphrased it as follows in Edward the Third's time:

Merry swithe it is in halle
When the berdis wawith alle.

"*Rocnesvalles*, p. 110, should have been noticed in the errata. A romance in Spanish is literally a *vulgar ballad*.

"Could not the 'lyric compositions' (p. 128,) that would do honour to the most polished nations of ancient or modern times,' be collected and published in a volume? 'Why,' as Sir Toby Belch says, 'are these things hid?'

"Am I to take the Irish poems published by Charles Wilson in 1782, to be a pamphlet of 92 pages, of which I have a copy without the title, which as the bookseller told me was never printed?

"There are some curious lines upon the old Irish melodies, in the poems of Laurence Whyte, Dublin, 1742, p. 154, which might have been pertinently enough quoted in your observations on the subject. I presume you know the book.

"Though we say a *moot-case* or *point*, I much question whether the expression 'so moot a point' (Dress. p. 3.) can be used with strict propriety. The word (*moot*) is rather a substantive than an adjective, and serves only in composition and I may add apposition, for so I think grammarians term it. A moot-point, a book-case, &c. * *

"In the *Nuga Antiqua*, vol. 2, is a curious account of a visit to Tyrone by Sir John Harrington the poet in 1599, written by himself; which may possibly have escaped your researches.

"'Rug-headed kerns,' in Rich. II. I should take to be merely rough-headed, with their hair matted, knotted and uncombed, as described in pp. 66, 67. * *

"Dr. Hamner does not say that Little John followed his master to Ireland (p. 129). He did not come there till after the latter's death. I wish these records in the Southwell family could be inspected.

"My excursion to Dublin was chiefly with a view to pick up songs, either single or collected, the native production of the country: but I met with little or nothing except disappointment. And yet I have good reason to think that some such collections must either exist or have existed. You will smile when I add that by genuine Irish compositions, I would be understood to mean Murdoch o' Blaney, Paddy Whack, &c., pieces which I suppose you will think do very little honour to the poetical genius of *Irish*. The first and best book of the kind, is a collection printed at Dublin about twenty or thirty years ago, under the alliterative title of *Poems of pleasure*, &c. It is of too indelicate a nature perhaps to have found its way into your study. But I should esteem it a very great obligation were accident to throw it in your way, if you would condescend to gratify my desire to possess it."

Those who take an interest in Scottish song will read with pleasure the following extracts from a letter to Mr. Paton—it is dated 8 January, 1793.

"You must cease to consider Lord Hailes as a most faithful publisher; as I who have collated many of his articles with the Bannatyne MS. know the contrary to my cost. I do not, indeed, mean to say that he is so intentionally faithless as Ramsay: but I do say that his transcripts have been very inaccurate, that he has in numerous instances wilfully altered the original orthography, and not unfrequently misinterpreted the text of the MS. which I suspect he was occasionally unable to read. I am much obliged by your offer of a copy of his Lordships publication: but you will permit me to inform you that I possess not only this, but almost every other volume of Scottish poetry, ancient or modern, hitherto printed—except your *Godly Songs*; and am nearly as perfect in Scottish history.

"I am now satisfied that no one can tell me from good authority what was the vulgar language of the South of Scotland in the XIIth century; I, however, entirely concur with you in opinion, that it was the English Saxon. Did I mention to you that I had got a genuine Scottish song of the year 1289?

"The Gaelic MS. mentioned by your friend to be in the Advocates Library, I suppose I saw. I know nothing of Gaelic, but the character, I perceive, is Irish, and the writing, as I conjecture of the last century; at any rate not of Robert Bruce's time. I should be glad of a faithful translation of that part of the MS. in which the author speaks of himself, his age or country; as I am anxious to be convinced of the existence of a Gaelic MS. * * * There is a collection of 'Ancient Songs' lately published by Johnson of St. Pauls Churchyard, in which Dr. Percys theory of the old English Minstrels is criticised and perhaps confuted: I am sorry I have not a

copy of it for your acceptance; I wish, however, you would please to inform me how I can send you any thing of this kind sooner or easier than you can procure it by means of the booksellers in Edinburgh.

"I am sorry to say that Dr. Farmer has not been able to find the volume of tracts containing 'Sir D. Lindsays Satire.' He supposes it to have been lent to Mr. Malone, to whom Mr. Steevens has promised to make immediate application. But perhaps you have already learned that Pinkerton has lately published these satires from a (very incorrect) copy of the Hyndford MS. together with the various readings of the printed edition: published under the name of J. Nichols, for C. Dilly in the Poultry, 3 vols. crown 8vo. price 9s. He has had the impudence and dishonesty to insert in this collection a curious old MS. poem in my possession, of which a friend of his had some years since surreptitiously obtained a copy, and which on that friends application from him, I positively refused my leave to print. He, or some one for him, (Mr. Cardonnel, I presume) has had the use of the old volume of tracts in the Advocates Library.

"I have been able to meet with no further intelligence about Sir Alexander Halket. He is said to be the author of *Gilderooy*, and I strongly suspect him to have had a principal hand in the forgery of *Hardyknote*, which is all that I know of him."

The following is characteristic and curious: it is addressed to Mr. Harrison:—

"Citizen, my Friend.—As I know not when I may have an opportunity of sending you the books you now receive, I shall tie up the parcel, in order to have it ready at a moments warning. I hope you will find a great deal both of good language and good sense; the author being highly spoken of, and his work translated into French, English, and perhaps Italian. I cannot meet with Trenc, whom I think you would like still better. Poor fellow, he is likely to end his days in a prison, let him reside in whatever country he will.

"The words *haberdasher* and *beskrew* still baffle all my etymological researches. The former is used by Chaucer, so that I entirely abandon the cry of Frankfort Fair: *Hebt u das herr!* and to suppose that the latter originates in the bite of a mouse seems the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity. Try what you can make of them.

"Wintons chronicle, I understand, is to be published early this winter. The editor is Mr. Macpherson, (not the Highland impostor); and I am assured that the utmost accuracy and integrity is to be manifested on the occasion: either of which, you know, is pretty extraordinary in a Scotchman. Indeed, I am apt to suspect the publishers abilities rather than his honesty: but he has got a very masterly assistant. I know not whether you care three farthings for either Winton or his chronicle, but, as no more than 250 copies are to be printed, the work will undoubtedly become very scarce. Adieu, Sic subscribitur,

"J. RITSON."

"From my chamber in Grays Inn,
7th October 2nd year of the French
republic (not being yet perfect in
the new name of the month)."

That Ritson was a strange compound—"a mingled yarn"—a man who could do a kind thing and say a rude one at the same moment, there are some pleasant proofs in these letters. None could be more generous in conduct, or affectionate in heart, than he appears to have been to his sister and nephew, yet strange passages might be cited from his letters—two or three may amuse the reader:

"Dear Sister,—If I do not write to you so regularly as I ought or you wish me to do, I hope you will attribute it to anything but forget-

fulness or intentional neglect, neither of which I assure you can ever influence my behaviour to you. I have done nothing to deserve the gratitude you express, and am far from desirous to be the rival of heaven in your studies to please. If you succeed no better in that quarter than you do with me, you will be very poorly recompensed for your assiduity."

To his nephew:—

"My dear little Fellow,—I have no doubt that you will always retain a proper sense of the favours you receive, as ingratitude is one of the worst of vices, but I do not see any great occasion for the fine compliments with which your letters are generally half filled. When I can do anything for you which merits such a return, you shall thank me once for all. * * * I should be very glad to see you here, especially as I am afraid I shall not have that pleasure at Stockton the next vacation, and am much obliged to our friend Matthew for his kind attention to you, but I must beg leave to say, and I hope you will take it in good part, that it will be much better for you to mind your book, than to come to London. You will see it soon enough in all likelihood, though you will have little reason to lament if you never see it at all."

"Your affectionate Uncle,
"J. RITSON."

A year or two afterwards he writes as follows:—

"Dear Nephew,—That very officious person who told your mother that I had been informed of a great many methodists coming about the house in order to sing, pray, &c. has been guilty of an enormous falsehood. I did hear indeed that her distemper was fostered and increased by a religious melancholy, which I very naturally concluded was supported by some of the above enthusiasts, and therefore desired that none of them should be admitted in future. This commission was to have been entrusted to you, as I did not know at the time that you were one of the gang. It will be necessary to employ somebody in whom I can better confide. The two lines you think so very applicable are downright nonsense. I suspect you made them yourself."

"I was sorry to learn your hat would not fit; the hatter tells me the fault is entirely in your head, as the hat was big enough for a young giant.—However, he is willing to try a further experiment upon it, and has therefore sent you a hat designed for one of His Majesty's beef-eaters, upon receipt whereof, you will prevail upon your friend Matthew to return the other, by some of his acquaintance in the trade."

"Give my love to your mother: I am very glad to hear she recovers, but not that she troubles her head with any lying stories I may happen to be told, which you may assure her are far enough from having the power to make me uneasy."

"Your affectionate Uncle,
"J. RITSON."

"Dear Nephew,—As I have no hope left of being at Stockton this summer, I would recommend it to you to get yourself in readiness to take your leave of the country, about the middle of September at furthest. You cannot do better, I think, than commit yourself to the care of one of the Stockton captains, who are for the most part very honest people, except, indeed, where it is their interest to be otherwise, which is as much as one can say of anybody. If you can get nothing better on board of ship than biscuit and water, you may certainly make a shift to subsist upon that food for a week or two, and though there may be neither bed nor hammock for you, when a person is fatigued he will sleep very comfortably on a cabin floor or a coil of rope. Besides, a little temporary hardship at the outset of your expedition into the world may

teach you to bear those greater misfortunes to which all are liable, with more philosophy. * *

"As you will have very little time to stay with your mother, I would wish you to make the most profitable use of it, viz. in acquiring the art of frying and dressing potatoes, making puff-paste, pickling, preserving, and mending stockings, or any other similar kind of knowledge which you may never have an opportunity of coming at, and can have no idea of the vast utility of. In short, to make a pudding, and set a button on your shirt, will be of more use than all your writing and reading. You will think, perhaps, that such a lesson would be more fit for one who was coming into a cook's shop than a conveyancer's chambers—but when you have been here a year or two you will probably be of a different opinion. My love to your mother, and believe me,

"Your sincerely affectionate Uncle,

"J. RITSON."

"P.S.—Bring a bottle or two of catsup with you. A barrel of the best potatoes, and two or three Yarm-fair cheeses."

Here is the opinion of a democratic and jacobitical (!) antiquary on whig and tory historians:—

"I know of no authors who give an authentic account of events from the revolution to the present time, unless it be Sir John Dalrymple (Memoirs of Great Britain, 3 volumes 4to. and 8vo.) to the battle of La Hogue; Macpherson (History of G. B. and original papers, 4 volumes 4to.), to the accession of the present family; and Smollett, to the peace of 1748. Always prefer Tory or Jacobite writers; the Whigs are the greatest liars in the world. You consult history for facts, not principles. The Whigs, I allow, have the advantage in the latter, and this advantage they are constantly labouring to support by a misrepresentation of the former. A glaring instance of this habitual perversion is their uniform position that the King, Lords and Commons, are the three estates of the realm, than which nothing can be more false. Now, it so happens, that the bad principles of the Tories are corroborated by the facts and records of history, which makes it their interest to investigate and expose the truth: and I can readily believe that all the alterations which Hume professes to have made in his history in favour of that party were strictly just. The revolution itself was so iniquitous a transaction, and we have had such a succession of scoundrels since it took place, that you must not wonder if corruption or pusillanimity have prevented historians from speaking of both as they deserve."

Notwithstanding all we have said about Ritson, we cannot help respecting his memory; he was an earnest and virtuous man; he hated everything that was mean; no one ever loved him once without continuing to love him; he was dutiful to his parents, kind to his sister, and to his nephew he showed an almost paternal tenderness. We shall conclude this notice in the words of Mr. Surtees and Sir Walter Scott:—

"A friendly correspondence (continues Mr. Surtees) was maintained betwixt Sir Walter Scott and Ritson till the death of the latter. I recollect that Scott translated for him *Les Souvenirs de Molinet*. I take the liberty to quote [from Sir Walter's letters] the following honourable testimony to Ritson's character, because it describes most admirably that excessive aspiration after absolute and exact verity, which Ritson carried with him into every transaction of common life; and which, I verily believe, was one cause of that unfortunate asperity with which he treated some most respectable contemporaries.—'I loved poor Ritson, with all his singularities; he was always kind and indulgent to me. He had an honesty of principle about

him, which, if it went to ridiculous extremities, was still respectable, from the soundness of the foundation. I don't believe the world could have made Ritson say the thing he did not think. I wish we had his like at present.'—And again, 'I had a great kindness for Ritson, and always received from him the readiest, kindest, and most liberal assistance in the objects of our joint pursuits. One thing I observed in his temper, an attention to which rendered communication with him much more easy than if it was neglected. Mr. Ritson was very literal and precise in his own statements, and expecting others to be the same, was much disgusted with any loose or inaccurate averment. I remember rather a ludicrous instance. He made me a visit of two days, at my cottage, near Laswade; in the course of conversation we talked of the Roman wall, and I was surprised to find that he had adopted, on the authority of some person at Hexham, a strong persuasion that its remains were no where visible, or at least not above a foot or two in height. I hastily assured him, that this was so far from being true, that I had myself seen a portion of it standing high enough for the fall to break a man's neck. Of this he took a formal memorandum, and having visited the place (Glenwhelt, near Gilsland) he wrote to me, or, I think, rather to John Leyden, to say, that he really thought that a fall from it would break a man's neck, at least, it was so high as to render the experiment dangerous. I immediately saw what a risk I had been in, for you may believe, I had no idea of being taken quite so literally.'"

A complete edition of the works of this laborious and successful antiquary is much wanted; no library can be called complete in old English lore, which has not the whole of his productions—and few have.

Barbadoes, and other Poems. By M. J. Chapman, Esq. London: Fraser.

BARBADOES has at last got a bard of her own: one who writes natural and harmonious verse, adorned with flowers fresh from his native land, instead of the gum garlands and artificial posies in which the sing-song muse of this land too much delighteth. Mr. Chapman is a West Indian, but while he sings the glories of his own isle, he is not insensible to the beauties of the isle of his sires: his glances back to Britain are numerous, and some of them touching. Barbadoes is, however, the burthen of his song, and he sings with truth and ease, and with a voice melodious rather than loud. We are sorry to say, we know the West Indies chiefly through Bryan Edwards: we were aware, that many of the beautiful creatures which the Spaniards found, were wasted away; that the mocking-bird was gone, and the flamingo was no more. Something worth loving still remains, as the following passage sufficiently shows:—

But still the redbreast builds and twitters here;
The little wren, to social bosoms dear;
While, mid the murmurs of the breezy grove,
Is heard the cooing of the turtle-dove.
Still sparkles here the glory of the west,
Shews his crowned head, and bares his jewelled breast,
In whose bright plumes the richest colours live,
Whose dazzling hues no mimic art can give—
The purple amethyst, the emerald's green;
Contrasted, mingle with the ruby's sheen;
While over all a tissue is put on
Of golden gauze, by fairy fingers spun—
Small as a beetle, as an eagle brave,
In purest ether he delights to lave;
The sweetest flowers alone descends to woo,
Rifles their sweets, and lives on honey-dew—
So light his kisses, not a leaf is stirred
By the bold, happy, amorous humming-bird;
No disarray, no petal rudely moved,
Betrays the flower the colobree has loved.

The companion picture in still life, is nearly of equal beauty:—

See the bright verdure of those evergreens,
The rustling bamboo, and the pimper-screens!
Where on the hill-side, on its sandy bed
The delicate of fruits is cherished,
The mailed anana! see the tempting tree,
For whose sweet fruit man lost his liberty;
The oil-distilling palm, whose nuts of yore
Bound their dark necks the Libyan beauties wore;
The useful calabash, whose shell affords
Layers and goblets for the village boards;
The noble bread-fruit; and, the orchard's grace,
Star-apples, with their leaves of double face;
The guava, hardiest native of the clime,
Whose jelly, mixed with juices of the lime
Or fragrant lemon, and the crystal sweet
Won from the cane-reef by refining heat,
And that pure spirit, which the seaman loves,
For wearied man a new Nephenthe proves;
Steeped with the luscious nectar, he forgets
Arrears of anger, griefs, and fond regrets,
Lives for the present, hails the passing hour,
And feels beyond the reach of fortune's power.

To write well of beauty, is no easy matter: the following is not amiss:—

Beauty, immortal and undying; thou
Hast ever filled the living world with now.
The universal face of Nature seems
Flushed with the glory of thy summer dreams;
Headland and valley, tree, and herb, and flower,
Feel evermore thy mastering, quickening power.
The insect floating in the listless air;
The monster couching in his cruel lair;
The scaly dweller of the fickle sea—
All that has life owes life itself to thee.
Beauty is love! each creature in its kind
Sees fair proportion with its being twined;
And pants for fellowship with what it sees,
And yields to its o'er-mastering sympathies.
Where is not beauty? where not crowning love?
Go, ask the eagle or the gentle dove:
The one sails upward to his mountain nest;
The other trembles to a trembling breast.
Fair daughter of the sun! why lost thy bower,
Thy magic circle, all its wanted power?
Why, on thy fragrant bosom, in thy arms—
The favoured master of thy world of charms—
Did thy sad lover fret and pine away
For glory's dream? for barren Ishaca?
In thy embrace he heard his true-love sigh;
She was worth more than immortality!

We shall conclude our extracts with a West Indian sunset:—

How beautiful the sunset! all the sea
A mirror, while the breeze blows wooingly.
Delicious coolness steals upon the land;
The wave low-murmuring creeps upon the sand.
The air is full of odours; leaf and flower
With winning sweetness greet the evening hour.
Sweet tender gloaming! exquisite as brief!
That dreamy love delights in, sacred grief!
When the fond dreamer loves to be alone,
Whisper his hope, or breathe his plaintive moan;
When on the confines of the day and night,
The invisible seem starting into light;
And all we know of beautiful and fair—
The fleshless and the living—flutters there.
Then while his thick and throbbing fancies come,
The mourner thinks upon his childhood's home;
Again he sits upon his mother's knee,
Kisses the cheek he never more may see;
Holds by her hand, and proudly walks along,
Or, hushed to silence, listens to her song:—
He thinks of many a scene, far, far away;
The salvage woodlands, where he loved to stray;
The mountain river, with its mighty roar;
The pensive lake, the melancholy shore.
Drest in the moment's dim and shadowy hue,
The dead and absent steal upon his view.
He sees the tear-shower in his sister's eye;
He hears his own Eugenia's latest sigh.

These are bad times either for a poet or a West Indian proprietor: a man cannot well, we fear, mend his condition by following the muse: but the sun may smile on song and sugar yet, and fortune, when she comes, will act unkindly, if she neglects Mr. Chapman.

Narrative of the Expedition to Portugal in 1832, under the Orders of His Imperial Majesty Dom Pedro, Duke of Braganza.
By G. Lloyd Hodges, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.
London: Fraser.

THIS work has arrived so late, that we cannot spare time to say more, than that it is a pleasant, and seemingly an honest and un-

affected narrative of the proceedings. We shall detach one or two scenes, that are not very intimately interwoven with the main body of the work; and first, of the embarkation of the English battalion:—

"On the 14th December, 1831, the *Edward* transport was reported to me as ready for sea, and lying off Deptford. I proceeded on the same day, attended by the useful individual to whom I have before alluded, to select a spot from whence to forward the men to the transport. We pitched upon a yard close to the Seven Elms public house, a little way above Vauxhall bridge, where Mr. A. had already engaged four large barges to be stationed at the flowing of the tide, viz. at nine o'clock in the evening. . . .

"Orders were sent in the meantime to the transport, to proceed and station herself off Gravesend, with a red light at her main, and a quarter of fresh beef hanging at her stern. The captain of this vessel knew nothing as to his destination, and was to await information on the subject from the owner, who was to come on board to receive the men, and issue the sailing orders.

"During the early part of the day, Mr. A. had engaged six intelligent persons to conduct the men from the respective spots of rendezvous, by the several routes of Waterloo, Westminster, and Vauxhall bridges, to the appointed place of embarkation. The detachments were to arrive at half an hour's interval from each other. . . .

"The Miguelite agents had been for some days and nights previously on the look-out, with constables and warrants to arrest the officers, at Wapping, Deptford, and other places near the river. Driven to stratagem myself, by the machinations of the other side, as well as by the peculiarity of the case, I had ascertained these movements from a certain spy of twofold activity, whose honesty had accommodated itself to the predicament of being retained by both parties, and who proved himself towards ours a faithful informer to the very last. Through him I was enabled to direct the attention of our opponents away from our movements; and thus was the embarkation effected on board the lighters with facility, and comparatively little observation,—although, whilst on their way thither, the number of women and boys who accompanied the several parties through the streets, had so increased their ranks, and caused so much noise, that it was apprehended the police would have interfered. Fortunately, some of the old soldiers, who were not ignorant of the purpose of the Expedition, were successful in maintaining order, and even tolerable silence, save when some quaint or evasive answer was given to inquiries of 'Where are you all going?' as, for instance, 'Hopping to Kent!' or else, in a tone of indifference, 'We don't know nor care.' . . .

"During the above scene I was in the Seven Elms public-house, close by. Presently I walked down to the water-side, where I was addressed by an inspector of police, who asked me where the men were going. Affecting ignorance, I observed, nevertheless, that so long as they did not disturb the peace, I did not see what he had to do with them; and no impediment was offered.

"In order still to challenge as little observation as possible, I desired that all the men should confine themselves to the hold of the lighters. While thus packed and going down the river, their tendency to amusement shewed itself in singing. This attracted the people of the Thames police-boats, who pulled alongside, and asked them where they were going. The cut-and-dry answer of 'hopping to Kent!' was furnished by Mr. A., who was in the leading

barge. This queer reply was intelligible enough to the *querists*, who gave three cheers, and, wishing them success, pushed off.

"The lighters did not reach the transport until seven in the morning of the following day, when the men were got on board, the rations (the same as to British troops) were issued, and all appeared satisfied."

After the Portuguese joined the expedition at Belle Isle, some scenes on board are entertaining:—

"On one occasion I heard from my cabin a lusty nocturnal summons, by the officer of the watch, for the doctor. The poor doctor had snatched an opportunity to fall into a profound slumber, from the evidence of which it required repeated calls and threats of reporting him for negligence (!) to rouse him. When he had regained his senses sufficiently to ask what was the matter, he was told that one of the Portuguese was in a dangerous state, *being sea-sick!* I shall not easily forget the entertainment I derived from overhearing the comical rhapsody of murmurs, which this absurd intimation drew forth from the poor worried practitioner. 'Sir,' said he, at length (addressing the officer of the watch, who was not there, having returned on deck)—'I can't cure sea-sickness—no doctor that ever lived could do it; but I'll give such a dose to this Portuguese, as shall turn him inside out, and teach him better than to call upon a doctor for such a business again!' For the moment, the annoyance was evidently too much for even the habitual good-nature of this medical martyr. On his return to the suspended comforts of his bed of board, his soliloquy, ere he dropped asleep again, was diverting in the extreme—'Is this an occupation for a regularly educated man, and a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin? to be a compounder of jalap for a Portuguese, and a curer of sea-sickness.'"

This English battalion, says Mr. Hodges, "was made up, in a certain degree, of the most motley and heterogeneous elements. Strolling players, ballad-singers, chimney-sweepers, prize-fighters, the wig-dresser of his late Majesty, attorneys' clerks, medical students, painters, engravers, printers, poets,—all variously animated with the love of fame and liberty, or the fear of want, were to be found amongst our ranks. . . .

Of their equipment, he observes, when at Terceira—

"I must here remark, that the Government were perfectly well aware of the miserable condition of the battalion, and of the discontent that was beginning to affect the minds of the men in consequence; and indeed not without strong reasons. There were many bare-backed, more bare-headed, and nearly all bare-footed. . . . The lamentable aspect they presented, as far as regarded the outward man, strongly excited the indignation of the officers and the sympathy of the marines, of whom the greater part were landed from the ships, and who, by the by, being mostly old soldiers, and well clothed, armed, and equipped, enabled me to proceed more rapidly and successfully in the training and discipline."

Yet such was the strange policy of the government, that when a schooner arrived from England, with the long expected clothing, arms, and appointments, the government of Dom Pedro refused to deliver them up, except on payment of a duty of 15*l.* per cent., because the English battalion was an auxiliary force!

The Infirmities of Genius illustrated by referring the Anomalies in the Literary Character to the Habits and Constitutional Peculiarities of Men of Genius. By R. R. Madden, Esq. 2 vols. London: Saunders & Otley.

GENIUS has no infirmities peculiar to itself—they are common to human nature; and any one who says otherwise should be ready with his proofs. The proofs of Mr. Madden strike at the infirmities of all mankind: he has only shown us, that much musing and mental study aggravate the maladies that flesh is heir to; a truth which required not to be written about. The work is well meant, doubtless; and there are some curious tables in it, showing the average duration of men afflicted with the incurable evil of verse, the malady of painting, the intermittent fever of romance, &c.; and it is some consolation to the world to know at what stages of life they are sure of being relieved from the presence of the irritable children of poetry, philosophy, history, painting, and sculpture,—men who, Mr. Madden says, are subject to many infirmities both of mind and body. Your poet, it appears, burns out the wick of existence, at the unripe age of fifty-seven; men who write on natural religion perish at sixty-two; dramatists close the scene at the same age; novelists endure half a year longer; musical composers go in quest of the harmony of the spheres at sixty-four; philologists last till they are sixty-six; authors on revealed religion live five years longer than those do who write on natural; medical authors survive critical dissection till they are sixty-eight; authors on law and jurisprudence, who shorten the span of others, have their own extended to sixty-nine; sculptors and painters go, at the age of seventy, to answer for their sins against the image of the Creator; moral philosophers travel at the same time; but natural philosophers are not called to their account till they have numbered seventy-five years. And so ends this strange eventful history. Now a charitable man might have seen at a glance, that the sons of song are found worthiest of enjoying immortality first, and that natural philosophers are indulged with a longer term in hopes of repentance; but Mr. Madden, we fear, is not charitable: he looks upon the early removal of the bards as a sort of judgment; and has written two volumes to prove that Providence is right in clearing the earth of fellows who are wayward, weak, and capricious,—who wear eccentricity as a badge,—who cannot conciliate strangers, and who weary even friends—whose only use is to die, that they may be “baited at the ring of biography, till the public taste is satiated with the sport.”

In truth, Mr. Madden has succeeded in writing a curious, but a rather impudent work: it is full of errors, abounds in absurdities, insults the sufferings of genius, and misrepresents much that it has said, done, and endured. He attempts the likeness of some of the loftiest sons of verse, and dips his brush in the lake of darkness. A poet, with him, is much of an ass in company, and something of a fool by himself:

A thing unteachable in worldly skill,
And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the opening dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn.

He regrets, too, that they have had such gentle biographers in general: their infirmities, he thinks, require to be shown up, in order to check the pride of human intellect; and, having a little knowledge in medicine himself, he is of opinion that no man is capable of writing the life of a man of genius but a physician. The ingenuous Gil Blas relates, that his master recovered because he did not live in the neighbourhood of eminent physicians. If this new class of biographers is encouraged, the days of the best of our poets are numbered: the physician, while he feels the pulse, will consider whether the subject be ripe for writing about; and a dose wrong labelled, or a drop too much of the elixir of oblivion, will enable Dr. Hornbook to make a bargain for the memoir with the Murrays or the Moxons of the day. The amiable Currie talks most learnedly on Burns and alcohol,—puts Mr. Madden in raptures, and induces him to exclaim—Let poets get physicians for biographers! That we have not misrepresented the author in his description of men of genius, the following passage, from the commencement of his work, will show:—

“It is generally admitted that literary men are an irritable race, subject to many infirmities, both of mind and body; that worldly prosperity and domestic happiness are not very often the result of their pursuits.

“Eccentricity is the ‘badge of all their tribe;’ and so many errors accompany their career, that fame and frailty would almost seem to be inseparable companions. Perhaps it is wisely ordained that such should be the case, to check the pride of human intellect, and to render those of humbler capacities contented with their lot, to whom nature has denied the noblest of her gifts.

“It is the unfortunate tendency of literary habits, to enamour the studious of the seclusion of the closet, and to render them more conversant with the philosophy and erudition of bygone times, than with the sentiments and feelings of their fellow-men. Their knowledge of the world is, in a great measure, derived from books, not from an acquaintance with its active duties; and the consequence is, that when they venture into its busy haunts, they bring with them a spirit of uncompromising independence, which arrays itself at once against every prejudice they have to encounter: such a spirit is but ill calculated to disarm the hostility of any casual opponent, or in the circle where it is exhibited ‘to buy golden opinions’ of any ‘sorts of people.’ If the felicitous example of the poet of the drawing-room seduce them into the haunts of fashionable life, they find themselves still less in their element; the effort to support the dignity of genius in a common-place conversation, costs them, perhaps, more fatigue than the composition of half a volume would occasion in their study. Or if any congenial topic engage attention, they may have the good sense to subdue their ardour, and endeavour to assume an awkward air of fashionable nonchalance; they may attempt to be agreeable, they may seem to be at ease, but they are on the stilts of literary abstraction all the time, and they cannot bow them down to kiss the crimson robe of good society with graceful homage. But these are the minor inconveniences that arise from long indulgence in literary habits; the graver ones are those that arise from impaired health and depressed spirits, the inevitable consequences of excessive mental application. Waywardness of temper, testiness of humour, and capriciousness of conduct, result from this depression; and under such circumstances the errors of genius are estimated too often by their

immediate consequences, without any reference to predisposing causes. The fact is, the carriage of genius is unlikely to conciliate strangers, while its foibles are calculated to weary even friends, and its very glory to make bitter rivals of its contemporaries and comrades.”

The poets, on whose infirmities Mr. Madden has more particularly written, are Pope, Johnson, Burns, Cowper, Byron, and Sir Walter Scott. With Burns, Byron, and Scott we had some slight acquaintance, and to them we will confine our remarks. It is Mr. Madden's opinion, that of late there has been a tendency, in literary opinion, to underrate the Scottish bard, and exaggerate his failings: we think otherwise; he is now, and has long been, and, we predict, will long continue to be, one of our most popular poets; and we know of no attempt among literary men, or any other class, to pull him from his high estate. Byron, indeed, calls him a strange compound of dirt and deity; but his lordship did not, at that time, think of writing Don Juan. The frailties of Burns, which, in Mr. Madden's opinion, admit of no palliation, will be found pretty common frailties, as the world goes,—women's company and a flowing cup are seldom resisted even by prosaic souls: but Burns was no hardened trespasser with the first, nor was he more addicted to the second than social men commonly are; he was rarely seen the worse for liquor; he was no solitary tippler; he took his share in company, and he took no more, and took it nowhere else. “The vulgarity of his errors, and his unfortunate predilection for pipes and punch bowls, it is incumbent on every sober critic to reprobate.” What were his vulgar errors?—we have named two, and we believe they are common to all classes: he had no dislike to a reeking punch-bowl, but he could not endure pipes and tobacco. In truth, Burns, as a man, was like all human beings with strong passions, and not otherwise: as a poet he is with the foremost. He died free from debt, never was in want, and his genius has not yet gathered all its fame. Nor is it true that he neglected his duties—his accounts as a gauger were accurately kept, and his duties carefully performed.

With regard to Byron, we agree with Mr. Madden that he had few, if any, friends: he could keep no secrets; he was fond of ridiculing the absent, and of scorning, sometimes, the dead; and of mystifying every thing about himself. We are not, however, of opinion that he laboured under a malady which affected the mental qualities; his mind was brilliant to the last, and never seemed clouded till on his death-bed. The only leaning towards insanity which we ever perceived in Byron's conduct, was his imagining that England was arrayed against him on account of his quarrel with his wife, and that his only resource was in exile: but he lived to think differently.

We can imagine why Mr. Madden passed Burns and Byron under the saws and knives of surgical examination, though we think them sound wholesome subjects, and not at all decayed, bodily or mentally; but we cannot, for our hearts, imagine why he stretched the illustrious Minstrel on his table, and delivered a lecture on his imaginary infirmities. Scott—we name the name with affection and reverence—was as solid and sound as a column of marble; his body was stalwart

and active, his intellect buoyant and bright; his kindness of heart unbounded, and his love and benevolence as wide as the universe. His life was prolonged to a moderate old age; in times when personalities abounded he was never personal; he saw much company, yet no one ever saw him intoxicated; and though he had strong passions and ardent feelings, he fell into no errors, and lived and died free of reproach and blameless in the sight of men. Mr. Madden has, however, a reason for this discussion on Scott. His embarrassments, during his latter years, caused him to write early and late; application hurt his health, and shortened his days; and, therefore, it is necessary to exhibit him as an example of the infirmities incident to genius, and advertise him as a sign and a warning to all the sons of men. We dislike all this, and much more that we have not leisure to allude to; but what we especially object to, is the degrading and false account which the author gives of genius.

Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works. Vol. III.
London: Cadell.

KELSO, with its ruined abbey and fine river, and Lochmaben Castle, with its splendid lakes, are the landscape embellishments which Turner has bestowed on the volume before us. The latter we know well: it was the residence of Robert Bruce, as lord of Annandale; and, though sorely dilapidated, is still a fine ruin, and must in former days have been nearly impregnable. There are other attractions about the volume than those of the graver: the original music of the 'Douglas Tragedy,' the 'Dowie Dens of Yarrow,' and the 'Wife of Usher's Well,' accompany the ballads they of right belong to: now and then, too, in the text, we have the correcting touch of the great Minstrel himself: here and there the illustrating hand of the editor, in the shape of notes; and, on the whole, the work is continued in the spirit and beauty with which it commenced. We have, it is true, less of Sir Walter, and less of Mr. Lockhart, than we desire, and probably a little more of Mr. Motherwell and his ancient ballads than what is necessary. It is difficult, we know, to hit the proper decorum of illustration in matters of this nature; and we feel obliged to the editor for his moderation, inasmuch as he could have half-smothered up the original text with quotations from recent chaff and bran collections.

The ballads in this portion of the work are very beautiful and various: we shall go leisurely over them, examining notes, adding others, and perhaps giving stray verses, if any of poetical merit press on our memory as we go along. We could say something on the 'Broom of the Cowden-Knowes'; but we pass on to 'Lord Ronald.' Our readers know that the hero of the piece went out to hunt, dined on what was served up to him as eels, came home poisoned, and died. He is relating to his mother how this happened: she inquires in a verse which is not in the copy before us—

And where did they catch them,
Lord Ronald, my son?
And where did they catch them,
My handsome young man?
Beneath the braken-bush, mother—
Make my bed soon,
For I'm wearied wi' hunting,
And fain would lie down.

In fact, he ate adders for eels: the braken-bush is their favourite haunt: this stray verse is the keystone to the story.

On 'Hughie the Graeme,' we have much to say. This freebooter stole the Bishop of Carlisle's mare, was taken, and sentenced to be hanged. At the place of execution he is said to have spoken in the spirit of the ballad. We think some of the verses which linger on our memory are worthy of the text—for instance:—

And they hae bound him hand and foot,
And borne him up through Carlisle town,
Where lads and men came with a shout,
O Hugh the Graeme, thou art a loon!
Loose but my right hand free, he says,
And put my broad sword in the same,
And he's no in Carlisle town to-day,
Dare say the word to Hugh the Graeme.
And he came to the gallows-knowe,
And he look'd on the gallows tree,
Yet never colour left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blink his ee.

Nor are his departing words in a less resolute spirit—

And here take ye, my consin Dick,
My broad brown sword, sae sharp and good,
And when ye meet the bishop's cloak,
Gar make it shorter by the hood.

Our memory is rife with stray verse connected with the fine old ballad of the 'Dowie Dens of Yarrow.' A young knight of the name of Scott was foully slain on a low moor near Yarrow kirk, by the hands of a relation, who fell in the strife; two tall masses of rough stone, about eighty yards separate from each other, mark the places where they died. The old ballad suggested the 'Braes of Yarrow,' to Hamilton of Bangour, a very tender poem, but not more so than passages in the ancient strain, which are not yet wholly forgotten in the north; for instance—

Get up, get up, now, sister Ann,
I fear we've wrought you sorrow;
Get up, ye'll find your true love slain,
Among the braes of Yarrow.
She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him wide and narrow,
Till in the clifftop of a craig,
She found him dead in Yarrow.
She took three hanks of her yellow hair,
That hung sae lang and yellow,
And tied it round sweet Willie's waist,
And pou'd him out o' Yarrow.

To the 'Lass of Lochryan'—one of our best ballads—we could supply variations of considerable beauty; also to 'Cospatrick,' and many others; but we fear the day is gone, never to return, for the enjoyment of ballad minstrelsy. We cannot part with this volume without observing how fortunately Sir Walter Scott has been in finding such tasteful and elegant versions of these minstrel ditties: other gleaners in the same field found only what was coarse and rude. We have generally observed that your antiquarian collectors have the good fortune to fall in with poetic versions, just in proportion as they have poetic genius: Ritson's are as dry as dust; Jameson's are unmaliceable and hard; Buchanan's resemble poetry as much as chaff does corn; Sir Walter Scott's alone are free and flowing, vigorous and heroic—

Each blank in faithless memory void
The poet's glowing thought supplied.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*Journals of several Expeditions made in Western Australia.*'—This is a welcome and a valuable little publication. These Journeys were undertaken during the years 1829, 1830, 1831, and 1832, under the sanction of the Governor; and the publication therefore may be considered as inferior only to an official document. The work is accompanied by a map on a large scale, and tables showing the variation of the thermometer and barometer, with meteorological observations for a twelvemonth. The public is now enabled to form a pretty fair estimate of the chances of success at this new settlement. The general impression left on our minds by the perusal of this work, is, that the difficulties have not been greater than reasonable men ought to have anticipated—and that the prospects are as encouraging as they could hope for.

'*Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea*, by Cyrus Redding.'—Two very interesting volumes. The subjects have been collected with care, and the narratives are written with simplicity. It is a work likely to interest young people, and to awaken the mind, by showing the resources of misfortune, and the result of perseverance and resolution. It is published as a continuation of 'Constable's Miscellany,' to which it is a worthy addition.

'*The History of the Romish and English Hierarchies*, by J. Abbott, A. M.' Second edition.—The subject of this work is one that cannot be discussed in a purely literary periodical; amid "all our griefs, and God has given us our share," we rejoice that we are not bound to travel the thorny paths of controversial theology, and have nothing to do with the attack or defence of "bishops, priests, and deacons." Mr. Abbott writes with strong feelings and evident sincerity; his style is that of a gentleman and a scholar; but we wish that he would ponder over the wisdom contained in the old proverb, "Ne moveas Camerinam." When forms have been sanctioned by ancient usage, it is difficult to remove them without injuring the substance.

The summary of ecclesiastical history given by Mr. Abbott is partial and one-sided; we are, like him, strongly opposed to sacerdotal tyranny, but we should have read history badly did we not discover that the very usurpations of the church in the dark ages furnished a counterpoise to the unlimited authority of kings and nobles; and that this "balance of power" was one of the chief causes why Europe escaped the unmitigated despotism of Asia. Whether some ecclesiastical as well as political institutions have not survived the period of their utility is a different question, for the investigation of which we have neither time, space, nor inclination.

'*Phœnician Ireland*, by Dr. J. L. Villanueva. Translated by Henry O'Brien, Esq.'—We noticed Villanueva's work, and feel no inclination to return to the subject. On the preface and notes added by the translator, we are reluctantly compelled to make a few observations. He boasts, that he has invented a theory resting on "imperturbable axioms," which explains, not merely the ancient history of Ireland, but the ancient history of the world; this theory he embodied in an Essay on the Round Towers, and presented to the Royal Irish Academy as a candidate for a prize offered by that learned body. Mr. O'Brien's Essay obtained only the second honours, and his wounded vanity has led him to assail the judges in terms of very coarse vituperation. In this work he gives us some specimens of his discoveries—for instance, that Persia is the native country of the Brahmins and Rajas—that in Africa only are we to look for the Bedouins—and that the tritest passage in Tacitus was written by Livy. We should have felt it our duty to expose the ignorance and egotism displayed in the attack

on the Academy, but, meeting with the following phrase—"that superstructure of historical imposture, which, I promise them, will soon crumble around their ears before the indignant effluence of regenerated veracity"—we became convinced that the author's enthusiasm had produced a mental delusion, and we therefore bestowed upon him the charity of silence.

'*The Loire*, by Thomas Mountford.'—In this poem the author sings of his wanderings; stopping occasionally on his journey to treat of men and manners. The whole extends to 149 stanzas, of eleven lines each: we think the poet has erred in the construction of his verse:

Oh, Italy! most glorious in distress,
Thou glorious ruined temple! thy deep woes
And prostrate shame I saw, nor loved thee less,
But hated all the more thy tyrant foes;
Still dost thou crouch beneath the sable wing
Of Austria's eagle; still that thunder cloud
Blasts thee with blight, while freedom's voice doth ring
Through other tyrant conclave wildly loud.
Sleep'st thou, of thine own monuments the grave?
Well was it said, the worth that Nature gave
Is perished from the day that sees a man a slave.

The back of the stanza is broken, by the want of connecting sounds in the fourth and fifth lines: this we are the more sorry for, because there is some spirit in the poem.

'*Henry St. Clair, a Tale of the Persecution in Scotland; and the Martyr of Freedom*.'—These poems abound in fine descriptions, and in passages of tenderness and beauty. But there is too little action: words are plentiful, and every deed accomplished is set in such a rich framework of description, that the picture of living nature is nearly lost in the splendour of the accompaniment. The poet has called in the aid of verse, to awaken anew the feeling which has never been wholly extinguished in favour of those who suffered in the persecution: the true picture of their follies, their deeds, and their sufferings, is to be found in 'Old Mortality'; or in the 'Cloud of Witnesses'; or Naphtali; or in the works of honest John Howie, or in the sermons and prophecies of Alexander Peden.

'*Zophiel; or, the Bride of Seven*, by Maria del Occidente.'—There is some fancy and some pleasing poetry in this little volume—but the author wants vigour of imagination for the original flight meditated: there are, however, many graceful passages, many fine thoughts, and enough of power to induce us to wish that a theme of a domestic character, with the scene at our own door, had been selected.

'*Stray Flowers*, by James F. Clarke.'—The author sings new songs about many flowers, and sometimes sings sweetly; he has ease and harmony, with little passion or force. Had he read and felt 'The Mountain Daisy' of Burns, he would not, we think, have hazarded 'The Daisy' of this volume:—

Sweet daisy I must love thee now,
In spite of years and truth!

'*The Archer's Guide*, by an old Toxophilite.'—The old and almost forgotten science of archery is, we are glad to observe, reviving in many parts of the island: this little work will aid its rise, for it is full of useful information, and abounds in directions for the management of the bow. Few are acquainted with the art of lodging the string on the notch,—fitting the arrow to the string,—seizing the shaft and bow properly,—and standing in that graceful and scientific attitude, by which a man can employ his full strength, and do justice to the weapon.

'*The Rise and Fall of the Kingdoms of Judah and Israel*, by William Stevens.'—The title-page informs us, that this history is written "after the manner of Goldsmith"—we could have sworn it: Goldsmith's manner of writing history was to neglect all original authorities, and consult none but the most obvious and ordinary sources of information. Whether Mr. Stevens is acquainted with the Hebrew and Greek languages, we know not, but assuredly his book

displays no knowledge of one or the other. It is sufficiently notorious, that the translators of our authorized version frequently applied to oriental offices and customs, those terms of western usage that described habits and situations as nearly analogous as they could find; but which of course were never precisely similar. This was done for the purpose of making the Scriptures familiar to the people, and it had the desired effect; but when a writer assumes that these terms have in the Scriptures their ordinary signification, and founds upon them arguments and descriptions, his work must necessarily be more calculated to mislead than to inform. Into this error the author has fallen: we sincerely regret it, for his intentions were manifestly good, and the compilation of his volume must have been a work of much time and labour. We must also add, that it seems to us very injudicious to introduce such a tender subject as the interpretation of prophecy into a book designed for the use of young persons. Still more strenuously must we reprobate the attempt to instil into the young mind principles of bigotry, by dragging in the defunct question of Catholic Emancipation, and calling the concessions of 1829, "a violation of the British constitution, and a breaking down of the bulwarks of the Reformation itself." This drivelling is no more after the manner, than the book itself is in the style, of Goldsmith.

'*Persian Fables, for Young and Old*, by the Rev. H. G. Keene, M.A.'—These fables are all, save one, taken from the Persian: some of them are concise and to the point; others are too diffuse and descriptive: but they cannot be read without advantage, particularly by the young, for they contain much wisdom, such as youth is in need of.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

TO MRS. MANTELL,

Of Castle Place, Lewes.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'BRAMBLETYE HOUSE,' &c.

My dear Mrs. Mantell! 'tis monstrously hard,
When my head's full of *Monsters*, to think that
the Bard

To your Album can make contribution:—
Your Museum has banished the *Muse*, and a train
Of Giants and Gorgons bewilders my brain
With a phantasmagoric confusion.

If kindness and talents my wit could awake,
Yourself as my Muse I would instantly take,
And your *Spouse* as my magnus Apollo;
When on *me*, as it did on *Elisha* of yore,
The *Mantle* perchance would descend, and a store
Of unparagoned verses would follow.

But now, like the globe in old times, I am tossed
In volcanoes and floods, till I'm utterly lost
In antediluvian æras;

While before me arise in Apocalypse dim,
Realities far more terrific and grim

Than the wildest of fancied chimeras!

See! see! each inanimate reptile and beast
Bursts its case, and its flesh-covered bones are
increas'd

To their former dimensions gigantic:
Hark! hark! how they hiss, how they bellow
and roar,

And, lo! now they burst through the museum
door,

All ravening, rampant, and frantic!

The *Elk*, as it leaps half a league at a bound,
Has tossed Farmer Verral's black Bull in the
pound,

And prepares to repeat the transaction;
No doubt the sagacious animal's skull
Seized the earliest time for committing a *Bull*,
In proof of its *Irish* extraction!

† The Fossil Irish Elk.

Against the *Iguanodon*'s† fifty-foot tail
Not a house can make head—with that terrible
flail

The streets it alternately thrashes.
Megalodon§ and *Mastodon*§ batter the town,
While the huge Hippopotamus breaks the bridge
down

As into the river it dashes!

The *Mammoth*§ and vast *Megatherium*§ crush
Carts, cattle, and coaches, wherever they rush,
And overthrow every waggon nigh;
Huge Crocodiles snapping off heads, legs, and
arms,
Fill the kennels with blood and the town with
alarms,
And Lewes is all in an agony!

Your name, Mrs. Mantell, won't serve as a cloak
For passing this off as a Fossilist's joke,
So let it not go any further:

Call off your menagerie, quickly replace
Each beast in its former appropriate case,
Or I'll have you indicted for murder.

When you frighten me out of my wits, can you
dream

I have any wit left that will serve for a theme
Of poetical vigour and pith?—

Not I! I'm so scared, I can not write a line,
And my tremulous hand scarce allows me to sign
My name of—

HORATIO SMITH.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM, AS INFALLIBLE AS IF WRITTEN BY A. POPE.

THE origin of moral evil is a difficult subject: so is the origin of writers and readers. Which was first made, the writer or the reader? If there were no readers, there certainly would be no writers; clearly, therefore, the existence of writers depends upon the existence of readers; and of course, as the cause must be antecedent to the effect, readers existed before writers. Yet, on the other hand, if there were no writers there could be no readers, so it should appear, that writers must be antecedent to readers—really it is a very puzzling question. It seems much on a par with the profound discovery of Lucretius, who found out that eyes were not made to see with, but, being formed by a fortuitous concurrence of atoms, sight followed as an unforeseen accident; for, quoth he, if eyes were made to see withal, then seeing must have existed before eyes, and if seeing existed before eyes, what could be the use of eyes? and if seeing did not exist before eyes, how could eyes be made for that which is not—in other words, for nothing? Clearly, therefore, eyes were not made to see with. In the same dilemma is the matter of reading and writing—it is impossible to say which was first—or how they were produced. Perhaps it is safest to say, that they were both the result of a fortuitous concurrence of atoms. However, it being admitted that there are writers and readers, the next step is to say something concerning writers—these are divided into two classes, authors and critics: authors are they who write books, but do not know how to write them; and critics are they who do not write books, but who do know how to write them. For this reason it is, that critics are always anonymous, because if booksellers could find out who are the persons that really can write, the poor creatures would be worked to death for the benefit of the trade. It is of Critics and Criticism that we are about to speak.

The first great requisite of a critic is knowledge,—not of Greek, Latin, Hebrew, High

† The *Iguanodon* is an enormous Fossil Reptile, 70 feet long, whose bones occur in the strata of Sussex, and of which there are gigantic specimens in Mr. Mantell's collection.

§ Fossil animals, of whose remains the Museum contains many specimens.

Dutch, History, Politics, Geology, Pantology, or anything of that kind,—but it is necessary that he should have a perfect knowledge of the religious and political creed of all authors, a knowledge of their rank in society, and of what hour they dine at, if they dine at all. It is impossible, in the nature of things, that a man, who dines at three o'clock, should have so great a knowledge of humanity and mathematics, as he who dines at seven: yet some of these ignorant people write books which, to the uninitiated, look as if they really contained something worth reading, but it is mere fudge—they are written by the incompetent; and nobody knows their incompetency but the critic, who has ascertained at what time the writers dine, and in what style they live, or who knows what is the religious and political creed they profess. What can be the use of a critic who only forms a judgment of a book from the book itself? Every reader can do that for himself. But many readers live in the country, and in remote suburbs, who know nothing of what is going on in that little circle called the great world; and these simple people would be entertained with an entertaining book, or instructed by an instructive one, without once thinking who was the author. In consequence of this weak and foolish propensity to like what they like, and to be amused with what is amusing, the people of England have frequently suffered their taste to be sadly corrupted; and they have suffered books to become standard works, which ought, years ago, to have been consigned to the pastry-cooks and trunk-makers. All this has arisen from people judging for themselves, instead of taking knowing critics for their guide. For instance, during the last century, when criticism was at a very low ebb, and scarcely understood as a science,—when editors of magazines and reviews did not care a straw for a publisher's name,—there was a book published, called the *Vicar of Wakefield*: people liked it, because they liked it, and for no other reason in the world; there was not a word in it from beginning to end about silver forks; and, for any thing that appears on the face of the work, it cannot be known that Oliver Goldsmith was even aware of the existence of silver forks. Furthermore, the book was essentially and absolutely vulgar; nay, vulgar!—that one word alone would have crushed and annihilated the work in the present refined and advanced state of criticism. Oh! gentle reader, avoid vulgarity as you would avoid a pestilence; and if ever you meet with a book in which the author speaks without contempt of Windsor soap or ducks and green peas, close the book on the instant—burn it—never mention that you have read it. You may read blackguardism and slang as much as you please—you must not be disgusted with the brutality of highwaymen and pickpockets—you must take no offence at what savours of the brothel and the gaming-table; all this is a pleasant relief to the insipidity of the drawing-room; and there cannot be a finer school for philosophy than a den of thieves. The value of criticism then is, that it points out to ordinary readers that which they cannot find out by their own sagacity. We do not want critics to tell us what is amusing, everybody can find out that; we do not want critics to tell us where to laugh and where to cry, nature will do that for us;—but we want critics to tell us what is the pink and perfection of high life. It would be a monstrous bore to read a tailor's catalogue or a cook's bill of fare; but when we are informed by competent critics that such things belong to, and form the substance of, fashionable life, then they are delightful in the extreme. There is nothing very philosophic or interesting in tripe and cow-heel; but when we are critically informed that tripe and cow-heel form part of the secret of that mystical cave of Trophonius called High Life, then

we can peruse with unmingled pleasure three volumes, post octavo, all about tripe and cow-heel. The real business of the critic is to find out, when an author has written three such volumes, whether he is really familiar with tripe and cow-heel, or whether he treats of them only from the report of others.

Next to knowledge, a critic ought to possess a great deal of contempt—contempt of honesty, of his own character, of the world's judgment, and of human feelings. He ought to hold honesty in great contempt; and if, by any accident, his employer should tell him to praise a good book, he had better let it alone altogether, for fear of spoiling his hand. In the art of criticism, there is the dishonesty of praise and the dishonesty of blame, which ought to be thoroughly understood by the critic. There is no man living capable of writing a book so purely and so well, which a disciplined critic may not craftily demolish, and ingeniously ridicule; and, in like manner, there is no critic, who is properly skilled in his business, who cannot find, in the stupidest book that ever was written, something to praise, provided the book be published by the proper bookseller. A thorough-paced critic ought not to care a straw for his own character; he should have no hesitation in pronouncing an opinion of a book in direct hostility to his own judgment; and he should be prepared to back his opinion by bluster and swagger. If the world should contradict him, he has nothing to do but to contradict the world, and to tell it to its face that it is mightily pleased with works that it neglects, and that it never reads those books which are in everybody's hands. But the perfection of criticism is to hold human feelings in supreme contempt. All feeling ought to be sacrificed to the laudable and glorious object of puffing. It is a fact well known to the skilful and scientific, that if all books had a fair sale, according to their real merits, there would be no chance of one publisher keeping others out of the market; therefore, to make way for the books of one or two publishers, it is necessary to keep down and suppress, as much as possible, all books published by any but the favoured houses; and for this purpose, if there should be published by a wrong house any work of real merit, in which the author had evidently laboured with great diligence, and from which he was anticipating profit and fame, then the business of the thorough-paced critic is to distort and misrepresent the said book as much as possible; or if that be too much trouble, he may just slur it over as a thing scarcely worth notice—this perhaps is the best and surest method; for to attack a book savagely, shows that there is something in it worth notice—to neglect it altogether looks spiteful—but to give it a careless notice, as if it were neither good, bad, nor indifferent, is the surest way to smother it.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

AMONG forthcoming works not yet announced, is, we hear, a new novel by Cooper, called 'The Headsman.' Southey, too, is said to be closely engaged on his *Naval History*, and arranging for publication the numerous papers of his friend Dr. Bell, which are likely to take the shape of a *Life and Correspondence*. The *American Monthly Review* for June (!) is now on our table. The leading article is 'Mr. Tytler's Progress of Discovery,' one of the worthy volumes of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library, which has been reprinted in America. We have also of European works, Mrs. Jameson's 'Characteristics,' Miss Kemble's 'Francis the First,' and the 'Life of Adam Clarke.' Among American books the more important is Cushing's 'Reminiscences of Spain,' noticed three weeks ago in the *Athenæum*, so

that we not only run a race with, but sometimes even anticipate the American journals. There is, too, a review of an *Autobiography of Thomas Shepherd*, one of the New England Fathers as they are called—a work for which we shall send forthwith, that we may satisfy ourselves that there is nothing more in it than appears from the review, where one extract only is tempting, and that we shall quote. It is the account of his interview with Laud:—

"Dec. 16, 1630, I was inhibited from preaching in the Diocese of London, by Dr. Laud, Bishop of that Diocese. As soon as I came in the morning, about eight of the clock, falling into a fit of rage, he asked me what degree I had taken in the University. I answered, I was Master of Arts. He asked me of what College? I answered of Emanuel. He asked me how long I had lived in his Diocese? I answered, three years and upwards. He asked me maintained me all this while, charging me to deal plainly with him, adding withal that he had been more cheated and equivocated with by some of my malignant faction than ever man was by Jesuit. At the speaking of which words he looked as though blood would have gushed out of his face, and did shake as if he had been haunted with an ague fit,—to my apprehension, by reason of his extreme malice and secret venom. I desired him to excuse me. He fell then to threaten me, and withal to bitter railing, calling me all to nought, saying—'You prating coxcomb, do you think all the learning is in your brain?' He pronounced his sentence thus. I charge you that you neither preach, read, marry, bury, or exercise any ministerial functions in any part of my Diocese; for if you do, and I hear of it, I'll be upon your back, and follow you wherever you go, in any part of this kingdom, and so everlastingly disenable you. I besought him not to deal so in behalf of a poor town,—here he stopt me in what I was going to say,—'a poor town! You have made a company of seditious factious bedlams. And what do you prate to me of a poor town!' I prayed him to suffer me to catechise on the Sabbath days, in the afternoon. He replied, 'spare your breath, I'll have no such fellows prate in my Diocese. Get you gone! And make your complaints to whom you will!' So away I went—and blessed be God that I may go to H111."

The pictures of Mr. Charles O'Neil are to be sold to-day, by Mr. Foster. We have only had time to take a hasty view of them, but were delighted with many; especially, 'The Stoning of St. Stephen,' by Velasquez,—a 'St. Francis Xavier,' by Murillo,—'The Meeting of Jacob and Rebecca,' by Berchem,—'Dead Game,' by Weering,—and 'Cattle,' by Cuypp.

Our young architects are, we hear, all actively employed upon designs for a new House of Commons. If their own reports may be believed, the Committee of Taste will be sadly perplexed to make election from so many perfect works.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

June 19.—Three papers were read at this meeting.

1. An extract, communicated by Sir Thomas Phillipps, from a manuscript volume of Milton's official letters, in Sir Thomas's possession, which appears to be the first draft of his published letter to General Monk. 'On the Means of a Free Commonwealth,' (i. e. after the death of the Protector)—it is entitled, 'Proposals of certain Expedients for the preventing of a Civil War, now feared, and the settling of a firm Government,' by J. M.

The basis of the proposed plan is, that the

Parliament should be declared perpetual, under the name of a Grand or Supreme Council, the members of which should retain their places during life; and that the Supreme Council should choose the worthiest out of their own number, or others of eminent ability, to be a Council of State. The chief officers of the army also to be confirmed in their places for life; civil justice to be administered in the principal town of every county, without appeal, &c.

2. 'Remarks on the Treasure Cities built by the Israelites in Egypt, Pithom and Raamses (Exod. I.),' by J. Belfour, Esq.

It was the purpose of the writer to prove, first, that this Pithom, which the children of Israel enlarged and strengthened for national granaries or magazines, was the same with the Goshen and Zoar of the Hebrews, and the Tanis or Tanes of the Greeks, otherwise Heroopolis; secondly, that Raamses was identical with On, which was Heliopolis. These points were illustrated with much ingenuity, and many learned gleanings from a great variety of writers who have named the cities in question; but it is impossible, in consequence of the multifarious minuteness of the references, to abridge the memoir.

3. The concluding part of the Rev. W. Clissold's 'Examination of the Translations from the Sanscrit, presented to the Society by Kalee Krishna, of Calcutta.'

The work reviewed in this paper was a drama, representing an entertainment given by a certain Rajah named Vikrama Sena; at which are represented as present his ministers and friends, with several pundits of different classes, and many priests of the divers Hindu sects. The latter wear their peculiar dresses, &c.; and, as they successively appear upon the scene, their costume, ornaments, demeanour, &c., are minutely described, and each, in approaching the Rajah, pronounces a benediction characteristic of his peculiar belief. A discussion ensues on the various tenets, doctrinal and ethical, professed by the numerous sects of philosophers and religionists in India. After this, the entrance of a Nastyka, or atheist, leads to a still more animated debate on the existence of a Supreme Being, a future state of retribution, &c., and the whole is closed by the speech of a certain pundit, more learned than the others, who acts as moderator, summing up the several opinions that have been uttered, and concluding with an assertion, that there is no essential difference in creed between the worshippers of Brahma, Vishnu, and Mueshevara, since these three are one Deity.

The work, which in the Sanscrit, is called 'Vidvân-Moda-Taranginee,' is valuable for the insight it affords in regard to the sects and systems of the Hindus; and yet more so, as displaying such a remarkable resemblance between many of their doctrines and those of the Bible—for instance, the unity and spirituality of the Divine Being, the Trinity, the Incarnation of Deity for the benefit of man, a Providence, and a Future State of Retribution—as can be accounted for only by supposing an identity in the source from which both systems emanated. From a comparison of the one with the other we are forced to infer, that the Hindu theology presents either the corruptions of some divine revelation, made to that race at a very early period of their history; or the remains of truths derived from the Holy Scriptures, and from the intercourse of their wise men with the Jewish prophets and apostles, though debased by being blended with the dreams and figments of idolatry.

The meetings of the Society were adjourned to the first Wednesday in November.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

BELLINI's opera of 'Norma' was repeated on Saturday, and Pasta was in excellent voice. The piece is evidently constructed to exhibit Pasta in scenes similar to those in which she has won her renown. Norma, a priestess of Druids, meditating the murder of her two children, and ejaculating with thrilling emphasis "Son-io!" in reply to the high priest, must be considered as a transcript of the scene in 'Medea.' Of the music we have little to say. The reputation which Bellini has acquired as a composer, is the result of the happy accident of having conceived one or two tender and expressive melodies. He has never yet shown any feeling for the higher order of dramatic music, or any power in combining the effects of principals, chorus and orchestra, in scenes of action; he must therefore yet be considered as a mere drawing-room musician. There is genius in some of his melodies, but neither power nor knowledge displayed in his treatment of them. The accompaniments are meagre, and notes sometimes occur clashing most offensively with the harmony. The two last movements with Pasta and Donzelli pleased us most; indeed, where Norma supplicates the high priest to take charge of her children, the climax of the *crescendo* of the concerted music, coupled with the interest of the scene, is quite affecting, and concludes the opera admirably, leaving an impression more favourable to its general merit than it deserves. The first performance was little better than a rehearsal with the chorus and band—the piece now goes better.

MISCELLANEA

Gresham Commemoration.—We observe by an advertisement in this day's paper, that the Gresham Commemoration is this year to be held on an enlarged scale. Among the Directors, are Lord Burghersh, Sir John Rogers, Sir Robert Fitzwygram, Mr. Hawes, &c. The Gresham Prize Composition will be performed on the occasion, and the Medal presented. The selection includes works from Spohr, Handel, and Mozart, but the most interesting feature, is a selection of Glees and Madrigals, chiefly by authors who were cotemporary with Sir Thomas Gresham.

New Exhibitions.—A copy, on a large scale, of Mr. Martin's celebrated picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast,' painted with what the bills call "dioramic effect," is just opened for exhibition, at the Queen's Bazaar, Oxford Street; and at the Egyptian Hall there is to be seen a very beautiful Model of the Suspension Bridge.

The Festival of the Sons of the Clergy took place on Thursday, and the collection on the occasion, including the money received at the rehearsal, will not, we believe, fall short of £500. To the admirers of Handel and of sacred music, these meetings are always delightful.

Horticultural Society.—On Saturday last, the second exhibition took place at the Society's gardens at Chiswick. In former years, the Society have generally been unfortunate in the weather, but on both these occasions it has been splendid, and the gardens thronged with beauty and fashion.

American Colonization Society.—A meeting has lately been held for the purpose of aiding in the benevolent views of this excellent Society. The active part taken on that occasion by Mr. Cresson, has drawn down upon him the advertising hostility of a Mr. Garrison, who calls himself agent of the New England Anti-Slavery Society. This latter person may be very sincere and honest in his opposition, but we can conscientiously say, that what he urges against the Society, translated into milder and more becom-

ing language, are precisely those facts which induced us to give to the Society our support, in the notice of their interesting colony of Liberia.† Mr. Garrison, if honest, is a visionary, and the Society is indebted for his opposition to the practical good sense of their proceedings.

We have lately been looking at the series of medals struck by Louis XIV., and that equally splendid one struck by order of the Emperor Napoleon. We have no such thing in this country: the heads on our coins are all the public medals we possess. Our portraits may endure for five hundred years, and our busts and statues thrice the time; but, as they are almost all placed in private or public buildings, the fire which would reduce them to dust would allow medals to escape: at the end of a thousand years they would be dug out as fresh and fair as when they came from the artist's die. Medals are, in their nature, historical—recording events as well as looks; and Britain has enow of warriors, legislators, poets, historians, philosophers, &c. to make a fine series.

Newly-discovered Substance.—Mr. J. M. Corbet, of Salop, in a letter to the Editor of the *Mechanics Magazine*, gives the following particulars of a newly-discovered substance, to which he proposes to give the name of Thiogen.—"I enclosed some sulphur in a glass tube of 2 feet long by 1 inch in diameter. I passed a very fine spiral wire through the sulphur, and then fixed the whole in a metallic lightning conductor, which was insulated above the sulphur apparatus. The glass tube was so contrived that any air coming from it would pass into a receiver placed for its reception. I now waited for the lightning to pass down the rod, and had in only two months to witness the effects of it on the sulphur, as a violent shock of lightning passed down my conductor. On visiting the spot, I found the spiral wire fused, and the lower part of the sulphur changed into a powder as white as snow, and my receiver full of hydrogen. I have named this new substance Thiogen: its specific gravity is 1.707. It has a great affinity for hydrogen, and converts muriatic acid into chlorine. It converts oil and fat into carbon in quite a new state, the carbon being white, soft, and nearly transparent, after having lost its hydrogen. Thiogen decomposes phosphorus by depriving it of hydrogen; the remaining part is a new and very inflammable gas, the colour of chlorine."

Kinross.—The expensive works that have been proceeding for some years back at the outlet of Loch Leven are now finished. A great drainage of land has been effected, and an additional supply of water procured for the mills during the dry summer months. The height of the Loch being considerably reduced, it was feared at one time that the small island containing Loch Leven Castle, in which Queen Mary was imprisoned, would be joined to the main land by the subsiding of the water, and would lose its classic associations by becoming a suburb of Kinross. We are glad, however, to assure our readers that this is not the case. The appearance of the island, by being raised higher out of the Loch than before, is much improved, while the dark and massy ruins of the castle still frown over the silvery waters of the lake as in days of yore.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

An Old Story.—so many persons will say, after reading the following; but, in truth, fresh generations spring up every day, to whom it will be new, and for their benefit we quote it:—"To make up for my long silence, and to make up a long letter, I will string another old story, which I have just heard, to this. General Wade was at a low gaming-house, and had a very fine snuff-box, which on a sudden he missed. Everybody denied having taken it:

† See *Athenæum* for 1831, p. 625.

he insisted on searching the company: he did: there remained only one man, who had stood behind him, but refused to be searched, unless the General would go into another room alone with him: there the man told him, that he was born a gentleman, was reduced, and lived by what little bet he could pick up there, and by fragments which the waiters sometimes gave him. 'At this moment I have half a fowl in my pocket; I was afraid of being exposed—here it is! Now, Sir, you may search me.' Wade was so struck, that he gave the man a hundred pounds; and immediately the genius of generosity, whose province is almost a sinecure, was very glad of the opportunity of making him find his own snuff-box, or another very like it, in his own pocket again."—*Horace Walpole's Letters.*

Maxims of Kai Káos.—"The best of things is counsel; the most excellent, health; the most complete, security; the most delicious, wealth; the most precious, religion; and the purest, justice." He was also accustomed to say "Actions are the fruit of thought."—*Mirkhond's Persia.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thurs. 20	74 49	29.78	S.W.	Cloudy.
Fri. 21	74 55	Stat. N.W.		Clear.
Sat. 22	68 52	29.40	S.W. to W.	Cloudy.
Sun. 23	68 48	29.25	S.W.	Showers.
Mon. 24	61 43	29.30	W. to S.W.	Ditto.
Tues. 25	80 43	29.50	S.W. to N.	Clear.
Wed. 26	73 50	29.45	N.E. to S.E.	Showers.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrus, Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Nimbus.

Mean temperature of the week, 64.5°. Greatest variation, 23°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.635.

Nights fair, excepting Saturday and Wednesday; mornings fair excepting Sunday and Wednesday. Thunder, p.m. on Monday.

Days decreased on Wednesday, 2 min. No Night till July 25.

*. The degrees of temperature are ascertained from a self-registering thermometer, suspended at an elevation of about 12 feet, and facing the north. On comparing the max. tem., as registered in the *Athenæum* tables, with others taken at a distance from town, we find there is a considerable difference: e.g., a correspondent, informs us that at Chelmsford, the highest temperature on May 4, 5, 15, 16, 17, was 78, 79, 79, 80, 81 respectively, and on an average minimum of 12° on the day, at Chelmsford. We should be glad to know from our correspondent the max. tem. on the said days of last year. The *Athenæum* has registered it 53, 52, 53, 53, 58, and in the year preceding, 58, 62, 67, 68, 68,—the thermometer being in the very same situation as now. These numbers bear some relative proportion, which is not so marked in our last year's observations, months, nor in any journal in the vicinity of London, owing to almost unprecedented rapid changes in the atmosphere, which are seldom or never experienced, to such a degree, at places bordering on the ocean.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

Memoir of the Rev. John Adam, late Missionary at Calcutta.

Sketches of the Domestic Manners and Social Condition of the White, Coloured, and Negro Population of the West Indies. by Mrs. Carmichael.

Letters on the Divine Origin and Authority of the Holy Scriptures. by the Rev. James Carlie, of Dublin.

The Dream, and other Poems. by Mrs. Lenox Conyngham.

Cornelius Agrippa, a Romance of the 16th Century.

Just published.—Domesticated Animals, with Engravings, small 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Three Weeks in Palestine, with Views, small 8vo. 2s. 6d.—Little Library; French History briefly told, 34 woodcuts, 4s.—Botanical Geography, fc. 3s. 6d.—Rev. H. S. Plumpe's Lectures on the Prophecy, 12mo. 4s.—The Peep of Day, 18mo. 2s. 6d.—Vaughan's Sermons, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Waverley Novels, 48 vols. royal 18mo. 5s. each.

Cruikshank's Sketch Book. 2s. 6d.—Hughes's Directions for Drawing Wills, 12mo. 12s.—Rev. H. Hughes's Sermons, 12mo. 5s.—History of Priestcraft, by W. Howitt, 5s.—History of the Middle and Working Classes, 8s.—Hodges's Narrative of the Expedition to Portugal in 1832, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.—The Phædo of Plato, edited by Houlbaum, 8vo. 6s.—Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 44, (Nicolas's Chronology of History), 6s.

Brett's Principles of Astronomy. Part 2, 8vo. 10s.—Milton on Tyranny, 8vo. 5s.—Valpy's Shakespeare, Vol. 9, 5s.—Valpy's Classical Library, Vol. 43, (Cicero), Vol. 2, 4s. 6d.

ADVERTISEMENTS

GRESHAM COLLEGE.

THE COMMEMORATION OF THE FOUNDER will be held on Thursday, July 4, when the GRESHAM PRIZE MEDAL, awarded for the best Composition in Sacred Vocal Music, will be presented to the successful Candidate. The Performances will take place in HABERDAHSERS' HALL, at Three o'clock; and will be followed by the DIES IRE, TUBA MIRUM, RECORDARE, SANCTUS, and BENEDICTUS, from MOZART'S REQUIEM, with Orchestral Accompaniment.—The Second Part will include a Selection of GLEES and MADRIGALS, chiefly by Authors who were contemporary with Sir Thomas Gresham.—The Musical arrangements will be under the superintendence of W. HORSLEY, Esq. Mus. Bac., v. NOVELLO, Esq., and E. HAWKINS, Esq.

The Subscribers may obtain their Tickets on application to Mr. J. A. Novello, 67, Friburg-street, Solo, who is authorized to receive the subscriptions.

Just published, price 1s.
A Sermon preached at the Parish Church of St. Helen, Bishopsgate, at the Commemoration of Sir Thomas Gresham. By the Rev. W. M. Blewcome, M.A.
Rivingtons: Smith and Elder; F. G. Moon.

Just published, price 1s.
A brief Memoir of Sir Thomas Gresham, with an Abstract of his Will, and of the Act of Parliament for the Foundation and Government of Gresham College.

Just published, in demy 12mo. price 1s. sewed, and illustrated
Historical and Antiquarian Notices of Crosby Hall. By E. I. Carlow, one of the Committee for the Preservation of the Structure.

THE Twenty-ninth Annual Exhibition of the SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS, Pall Mall East, WILL CLOSE on Saturday next, July 6.—Open from 9 till dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.
R. HILLS, Sec.

NATIONAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE AND WORKS OF ART, LOWTHER ARCADE, and ADELPHI-STREET, WEST STRAND. Open from Ten o'clock in the Morning.

Steam Gun discharging a Volley of Seventy Balls in Four Seconds.—Steam Boat Models in motion.—Model of a Carriage moving with great rapidity.—An Apparatus showing a brilliant Combustion of the hardest Steel.—A Magnet producing a Spark capable of igniting Gunpowder.—An Electro-Magnet sustaining upwards of 400 pounds weight.—Exemplification of a Plan for preventing Ships foundering at Sea.—Model of an Oven in daily operation, showing the plan by which, during the process of baking bread, a spirituous liquid is obtained.—An Apparatus daily exhibiting the cooling of Meat by Gas.—A Mouse in a Diving Bell.—An Air Balloon.—Antiquarian Fossil Organic Remains.—Pictures by the Old Masters, including some splendid productions of Nurillo.—Sculpture.—Self-acting Musical Instruments.—with numerous other interesting objects.

Mr. JOHN MARTIN's most celebrated Picture of 'The Fall of Nineveh,' with several other of his Pictures and his splendid Engravings, being no longer separately exhibited, constitute a highly valuable addition to the numerous other Objects of Interest and Amusement deposited in this most attractive Gallery.

Great Solar and Ozzy-Hydrogen Microscopes, magnifying the Antinuclei in a Drop of Water more than 100,000 times, and exhibiting numerous other wonders in the Animal and Vegetable World; with a variety of other interesting and amusing Optical Apparatus: together with a Diorama of the 'Wreckers off Calais,' from the celebrated Painting by C. STANFIELD, R.A.

Admission.—To the Gallery, 1s.; Catalogues, 1s.—To the Microscopes and Diorama, 1s. Catalogues, gratis.

*. The Proprietors, whilst they invite the co-operation of the Inventor and of the Patron of the Arts and Sciences, have to acknowledge the Presentation and Deposit of numerous highly valuable Models and Works of Art.—Deposits preserved with the greatest care, and restored whenever required.

PRIVATE EXHIBITION

DRAWINGS BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

AT MOON, BOYS, and GRAVES, 6, Pall Mall, WILL CLOSE ON THE 6th OF JULY.

Until which day the Nobility and Gentry may obtain cards of free admission at the undermentioned Priestesses:

Colnaghi, Son, and Co.	Pall Mall East.
Molteno and Graves	20, Pall Mall.
Ackermann and Co.	36, Strand.
W. B. Tiffin	West Strand.
J. Watson	Vere-street, Oxford-street.
Carver and Son	New Bond-street.
W. J. White	Browlow-street, Holborn.
J. and J. Fuller	Rathbone-place.
W. Cribb	King-street, Covent-garden.
Lamble and Son	Gracechurch-street.
Leggatt and Co.	Cornhill.
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